

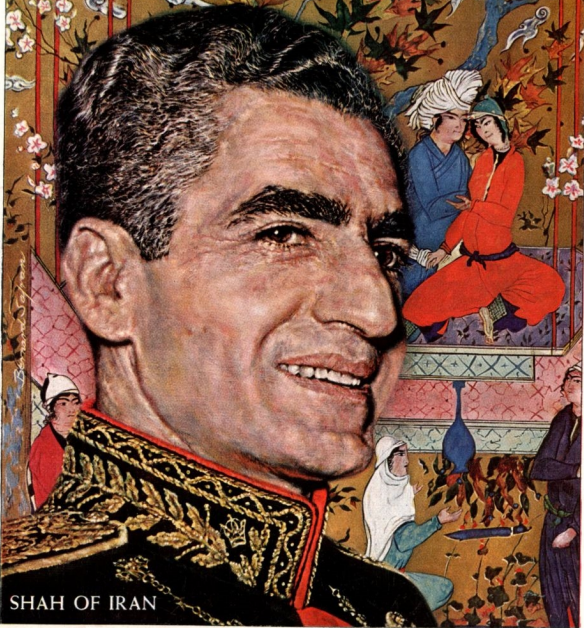
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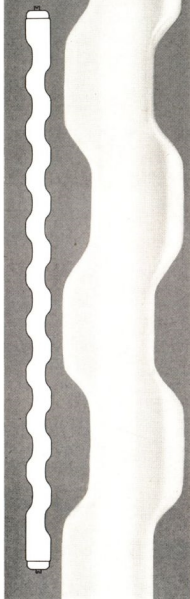
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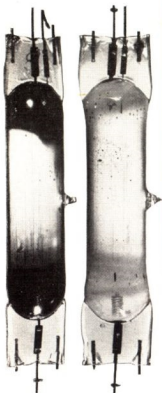
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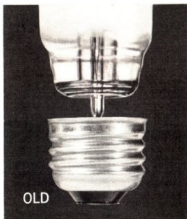
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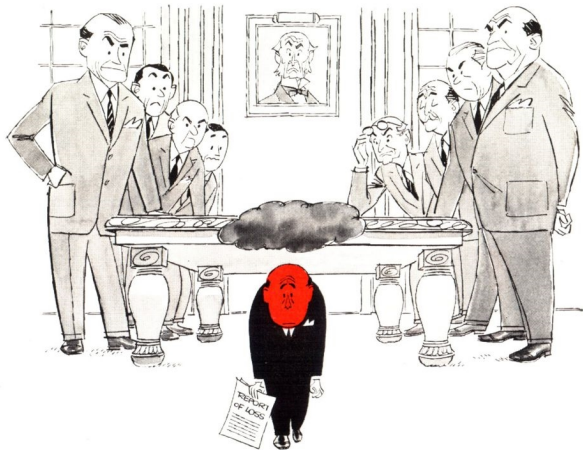
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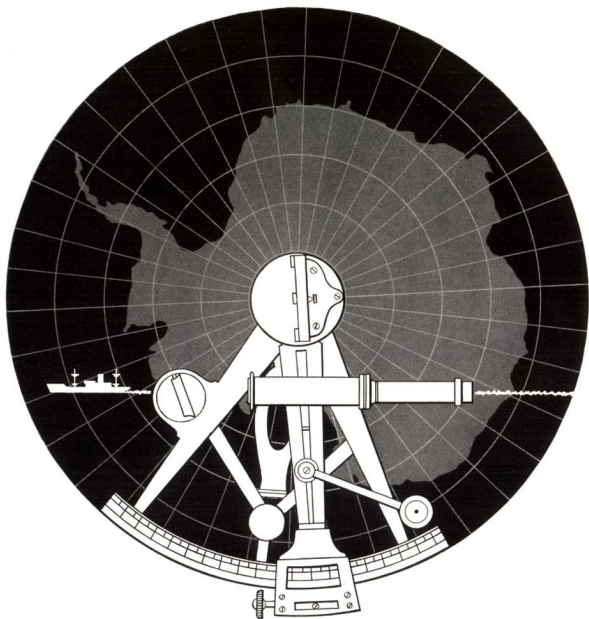
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Eldorado in deep freeze

Probably the most forbidding and certainly the least known of the world's land masses is the Antarctic. This dark, strange continent, raked by endless storms, hides its secrets under an icy covering often thousands of feet deep.

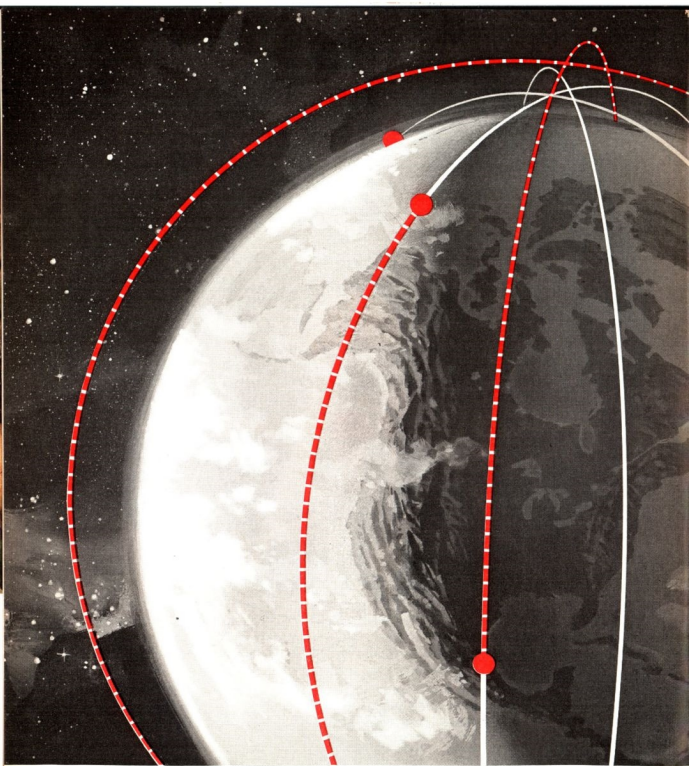
Some scientists believe a wealth of natural resources lies under Antarctica's frozen mantle. To discover and investigate these resources, teams of hardy explorers from many countries are now operating out of

bases established for scientific use in the International Geophysical Year.

These explorations hold more than ordinary interest for Rand McNally. They may help us considerably by providing up-to-date information for certain of the many maps we make. They may bring to light new facts that will aid us in keeping current and timely many of our textbooks, reference books, and books of science, travel, and adventure.



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Should enemy missiles ever be launched against America, they would plunge down upon us in just thirty minutes. They would be halfway here before the first warning blip showed up on our earthbound radar screens. But our Midas satellites will warn us within seconds. Their infrared eyes will "see" any missile's white-hot exhaust as soon as it leaves the earth's atmosphere, even thousands of miles distant. Just a few of these satellites, circling the earth on pole-to-pole orbits, will be enough to keep every acre of land and sea under constant surveillance. By doubling our warning time, Midas will give us precious extra minutes to get our long-range bombers off the ground and our intercontinental missiles ready to launch—and thus render futile any hope of destroying our military might with one bold stroke. Midas will become a reality years sooner because it is based on the Agena satellite which Lockheed developed for the trail-blazing Discoverer program of the U.S. Air Force. Lockheed is now building Midas satellites for the Air Force at "Satellite Center, U.S.A."—its Missiles & Space Division at Sunnyvale, California.



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LETTERS

The Plight of Pilot Powers

Sir:

I have no objection to a short prayer for Francis Powers, as some have suggested, but doesn't it seem more important for us to pray for a clearer national direction and a more genuine educational system, so that technicians like Powers might learn more than simply which buttons to push? All the tears, family sentimentality and public sympathy can't wash away the "damned spot" of Powers' only apparent motive and interest: that \$30,000.

The U-2 flight was no crime, but the education, mind and values of its pilot were revealed to be very shallow indeed. If Powers is an accurate representation of the 1960 American, isn't it our country itself that needs praying for?

CHARLES CULOTTA

Los Angeles

Sir:

Francis Powers appears to have altered Nathan Hale's famous quotation, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Powers' version seems to be: "I regret I have but one country to give for my life."

THOMAS F. MCNICHO

Upper Darby, Pa.

Sir:

Re the nameless U.S. official's reference to Francis Powers as "no Nathan Hale," it is time we remembered that Mr. Hale's inspiring words were uttered on the gallows, not in the prisoner's dock. Heroic last words should not be compared with a defense action in a trial at law, albeit a "ripped" trial.

D. MICHAEL HARVEY

Falls Church, Va.

Sir:

Put Powers on double his former salary until he is able to resume his former life and freedom.

JANET RENTER

Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

The Good B & the Non-B

Sir:

Re your article on non-books, we propose similar designations in other categories: non-motion pictures (a big slice of Hollywood, all skilling, certainly Cinemas); non-news-papers (everything but the news); non-education (the list is too long to begin here).

Oh, the possibilities are limitless! Thanks to be unto TIME for a very useful new label (and for a consistently interesting magazine).

LYNN OLSON

Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

Praises "B" for your article, "The Era of Non-B"! How could you omit the terrible traffic of textbooks in the field of education, the area of lingo-jargon, grammatical error, meaningless repetition of four words (fundamental, needs, experiences, objectives), padded with graphs, charts, tables and diagrams that imply the reader may not comprehend the value of the paragraph, and therefore might catch it in a box?

JEAN BRIGHAM

Cohasset, Mass.

Sir:

Your Aug. 22 article, "The Era of Non-B," was a courageous and much needed editorial. Your reviews—indeed the whole "back of the book" in TIME—are generally forthright, even if occasionally playful. (And that's an-

other story.) I did want you to know that a book critic and book writer appreciated what you said.

HERBERT MITGANG

Great Neck, N.Y.

Sir:

The Bible is the perfect non-book, an anthology of self-help and inspirational works, entirely ghostwritten.

HUGH H. HIGGINS

Manchester, Mich.

Sir:

The bookseller's hack is not a new figure in literature, as I am sure you are aware. And many notable men have played the role. Oliver Goldsmith wrote a book about birds, full of astounding nonsense, for a London bookseller, and Charles Dickens produced a lamentable *Child's History of England*. Both works were undertaken for the same reason—the gentlemen needed money, a chronic need among 90% of authors, then and now.

LEONARD WIBBERLEY

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Time attempted to make a clear distinction between books and non-books. I wish that it had also attempted to distinguish as clearly between truth and non-truth in its references to Hawthorn Books, Inc. and to me.

The Hawthorn title mentioned as "recent" in the listing of "non-books," *1000 Inspirational Things*, was published in 1948 by the Spencer Press of Chicago, as casual inspection of the volume itself can demonstrate. It is distributed by Hawthorn.

K. S. GINGER

Vice President

and General Manager

Hawthorn Books, Inc.

New York City

TIME fell victim to Hawthorn's recent inspirational repromotion.—Ed.

Sir:

Whatever you wish to say about the merits of my current novel, *The Chapman Report*, is your privilege. However, this novel was a total personal creative effort, seriously approached. Your statement that the book was hatched by Victor Weybright of Signet is an absolute lie. The book was partially written when Weybright offered to buy future reprint rights, in advance, sight unseen. Neither he nor anyone else had anything to do with the book or saw a word of it until it was completed.

IRVING WALLACE

Rome

TIME respects its sources—who were watching the incubator.—Ed.

Music To Be President By

Sir:

We were delighted to see the column on favorite music of the candidates but disappointed that no credit was given to WGMS, the Washington radio station that first announced the choices.

WGMS actually serenaded the President long before Paul Hume began serenading presidential hopefuls on our station. While President Eisenhower was recovering from his 1955 heart attack, WGMS piped back-

ground music to the President's Walter Reed Hospital.

Musically, Ike is non-partisan. Like Jack Kennedy he enjoys Berlioz (his choice is the *Symphonic Fantastique*) and Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. And he agrees with Vice President Nixon on his choice of music from Oklahoma!

SOL HURWITZ

WGMS

Washington

Truman & Dewey

Sir:

The Republicans are definitely responsible for the alltime low prestige of the U.S. in the international sphere. What you really need is a Truman, but since you cannot get him, Kennedy is the only hope.

KULDIP SINGH

Rangoon, Burma

Sir:

I haven't heard much comment on Thomas E. Dewey's masterful speech at the Republican National Convention.

In spite of the fact that he says he has retired from politics, I wish we could hear more from him during the campaign. We need him.

CHARLOTTE H. CURTIS

Burbank, Calif.

Science & Theology

Sir:

Lois Hook asks: "Whatever will the churches say when the biochemists successfully synthesize protoplasm?" Answer: simply that God has at last let them in on one of his own formulas.

(THE REV.) F. C. LIGHTBOURN
Literary Editor

The Living Church

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sir:

As a teacher of philosophy in a Catholic seminary for the training of students for the priesthood, I have been teaching for years the possibility of synthetic biogenesis. The only thing that amazes us in this matter is that it is taking the scientists so long to accomplish it. As a reality, it will fit in perfectly with Thomistic philosophy and theology. This, I think, should take us off the hook we were never really on and leave Lois dangling there instead.

(THE REV.) W. J. RING

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Ont.

It's Pop That Pays

Sir:

Our soft drink industry feels justly proud of our new \$50 million West Virginia Medical school. However, attention should be called to the fact that during its erection the number of bottling firms in this state has decreased from 123 to 70. Payrolls, it is estimated, have been reduced \$15,000 weekly since the [penny-a-bottle] tax began in 1951. We are convinced that if such a tax is proper and fair in principle it is equally fair for all products sold, including magazines, food, clothing, etc.

MAILTON G. GUTHRIE

President

Seven-Up Bottling Co., Inc.

Charleston, W. Va.

Sir:

I am a brand-new subscriber and I must say I am impressed! I did not expect you to go to such lengths to make my first issue of such personal interest.

I refer to the Aug. 22 article on the new medical center at West Virginia University. While I am personally thrilled at this prog-

THE HUMAN SIDE OF PENSION PLANNING

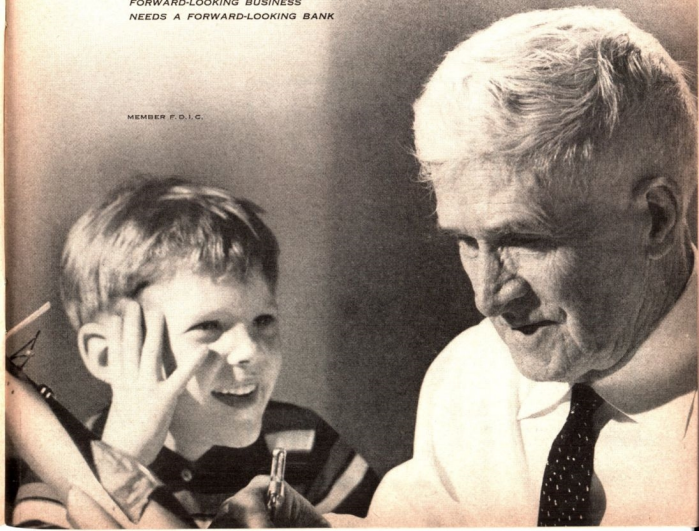
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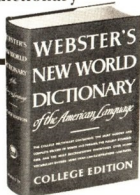
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ress in "my old home town," I feel a touch of sorrow, too, for it would be of far greater significance to some of my ancestors.

Many years ago my great-grandfather, who was one of Morgantown's early settlers, played a large part in the founding of West Virginia University. It was on some of his land that the university was first established.

You give the credit for this new medical center to pop, but I shall always give at least part of the credit to Grandpop!

GAY WILSON

Libertyville, Ill.

Living Latin

Sir:

"*Io, Io, omnes adsum.*" indeed! We who teach Latin would do a far greater service to the cause if we channeled pupil interest toward the task of learning Latin rather than into such academic (sic) shenanigans as chariot racing [an event at the Albuquerque convention of Latin students].

The intelligent 20th century teen-ager will work hard at Latin when he is shown some of the many genuine values in such study. We need not always entertain him with superficialities.

FRED MOORE

Chairman,
Language Department

Riverside High School
Painesville, Ohio

Sir:

Having been forced to Latin-tutor my own high school boy these past years in a typically language-dead high school of South Dakota, my heart leapt to read this sentence in your "Roman Holiday" recently: "In Charleston, S. Dak. Latin was so unpopular six years ago that it was almost dropped; now one school has 88 Latin students." But alas, though I would like to look arms with these classical philologists, I just cannot find a Charleston in S. Dak.

(THE REV.) T. R. BAUDLER

Zion American Lutheran Church
Eureka, S. Dak.

TIME *erravit viâ*. It's Charleston, S.C.—Ed.

Mud in Their Eyes

Sir:

Thank you for calling attention to the stupidity shown by the California State Department of Social Welfare in closing Melody Workshop, the nursery school in which Lila Joralemon actually taught children (at the risk of wounding their psyches) and where they apparently enjoyed being taught. Progressivism in education has successfully extended from nursery school through graduate school. In real education, according to the ruling progressivists, we take a serious chance of impairing our mental health. Let us bravely take this wild chance once more—if we can somehow get the entrenched life-adjustment people to take the mud pies elsewhere.

SAMUEL WITHERS
Associate Director

Council for Basic Education
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Well, I will be blagstaggered. I am 24 and have only recently recovered from a rather severe case of acne. Doubtless having been caused by my unscientific, thoughtless old grandmother who taught me to read when I was only three, it was aggravated by my college education. I shall not let my eight-month-old son near a primer until he is out of his teens. He will then have such a clear complexion and sunny personality that the California State Department of Social Wel-

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fare will love him. He will also be so ignorant that he will be able to work only as a welfare department mud-pie inspector.

WILLIAM W. PORTERFIELD
Chapel Hill, N.C.

20,000 W.P.M.

Sir:

Your Aug. 22 article "Read Faster and Better" was out of this world—suspended in an optimistic orbit all its own.

Having devoted 25 years to research in reading and taken over 10,000 readers' eye-movement photographs—the only objective test of speed reading—I have encountered only one person who could read at 2,000 words per minute (with poor comprehension) and five who could read at 1,000 w.p.m.

A study of college professors and graduate students at the University of Michigan unearthed one person who could read at 596 and five who could exceed 500 w.p.m.

All this tends to make me believe that the teacher who claims to have taught people to read at 6,000 to 14,000 w.p.m. has missed her true vocation—writing science fiction.

EARL A. TAYLOR
Director
Reading and Study Skills Center, Inc.
New York City

Sir:

Many of your readers may be skeptical of the Wilmington librarian's ability to read and comprehend 20,000 w.p.m., but her speed is not at all remarkable. Without having taken Miss Wood's course, I have trained myself to read and comprehend 42,316 w.p.m. Last night before retiring, I effortlessly read the collected sermons of John Tillotson (ten vols.), three volumes of Greek tragedies (English translation), volumes 71-75 of TIME, an abridgement of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica* (in Latin), the Bible (R.S.V.), and Wednesday's edition of the *Southeast Missourian*. I have improved Miss Wood's "whirlaway motion"; I use a "spin-drive cum corkscrew motion," which may account in part for my extra speed.

LELAND D. PETERSON
Assistant Professor
Southeast Missouri State College
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

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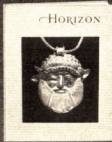
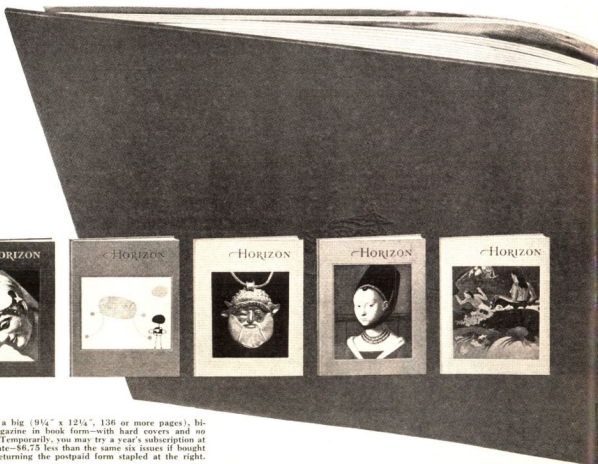
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To this end, the articles range the centuries and the globe. Pictures, often in color, light almost every page: sculpture, maps, buildings, mosaics, cartoons, people from

the Negev to the stage — lively art from cave drawings to movie palaces.

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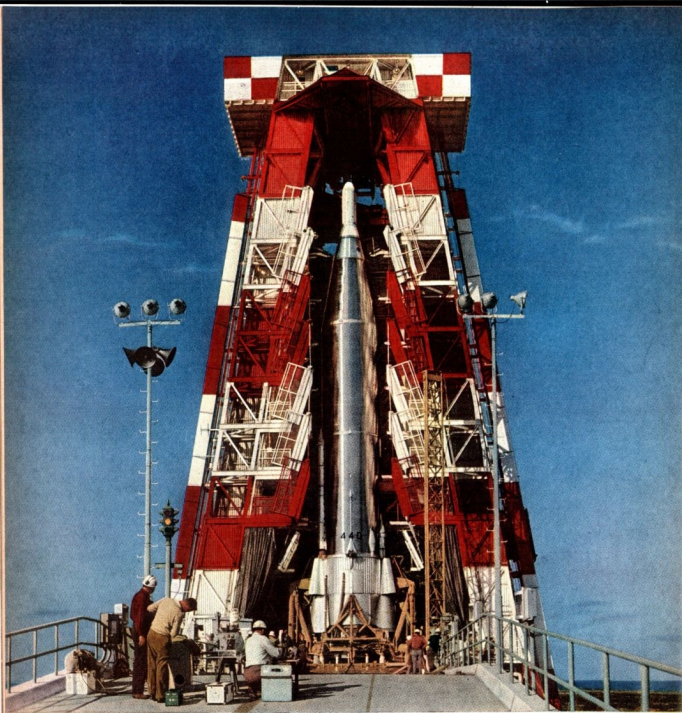
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*Some highlights of the September HORIZON (pictured below): Ingmar Bergman on *Why I Make Movies*; John Kenneth Galbraith on the arts in an affluent society; *The Louvre*, a history, with a portfolio of master works; *The Coming of the White Man* as portrayed by other cultures; articles by Russell Lynes, Jean Stafford, Gilbert Highet, Walter Terry, and many others.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

IN their restrained splendor, ancient Persian miniatures still suggest an ingredient of present-day Iran, a harsh and occasionally beautiful land where each oasis, even a blade of grass, can seem a small miracle, and where the diminutive art form continues to flourish. With economy of line and careful balance of color, the best of the miniatures capture an unexpected spaciousness and a certain timeless rhythm.

As the setting for his portrait of the Shah of Iran, TIME Cover Artist Bernard Safran copied a delicately elegant miniature by an unknown artist of the Safavid Dynasty period (1501-1734). Like most miniatures, this one was a book-size illustration for a Persian poet's verses. The lover is seen with his beloved in a pavilion in a flowering garden, where women attendants come with sweets and wine. A line of text runs around the edge: "My heart accepts the thorns of your garden..."

The goals of a TIME cover story are, in a way, like those of a miniature—spaciousness within economy, careful balance and meticulous detail. For a year TIME's editors have been watching the Shah's progress with a cover story in mind, and Beirut Correspondents William McHale and Dennis Fodor have ranged widely over the Iranian countryside. After one trip to the remote rug-making town of Tabriz, McHale had to return to Teheran in "an ancient Russian sedan with weak brakes and uncertain gears. For 15 hours we groaned up hills, whistled down mountain slopes in neutral, while the driver merrily sang Persian war songs and I repeated what I hoped was a perfect act of contrition."

As Iran's election crisis suddenly hit, McHale covered angry rallies, turned up at the Shah's press conference—a regal affair where reporters wear cutaways and striped trousers—and "clumped down in the rear row, hoping



COVER BACKGROUND MINIATURE

my blue suit wouldn't seem too shabby." He and Fodor met their deadline with a massive report for Foreign News Writer Richard Armstrong, who, having drawn on background material put together by Researcher Nancy McD. Chase, turned out the story of a hard-working king in trouble. What McHale and Fodor needed then was rest—perhaps in a miniature-like garden. But there were thorns. On the plane ride back to Beirut, McHale reported, "I got no sleep, partly because one girl passenger decided she didn't want to wrinkle her dress, and so removed same in full view of all hands."

FREDERICK S. GILBERT, TIME's general manager since 1948, is leaving us this week on a new assignment for TIME Inc.: General Manager of the company's Broadcasting Division, which includes among its many activities the supervision of radio and TV stations in Denver, Minneapolis, Grand Rapids and Indianapolis.

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DATA·phone

A NEW TELEPHONE SERVICE FOR THE NEW ELECTRONIC ERA

Bell System's Data-Phone service enables modern business machines to "talk" to each other over regular telephone lines

MORE and more businesses are using complex computers and other electronic machines to process current facts and figures.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Uninvited Visitor

With a roll of the Soviet propaganda drums Moscow announced last week that Nikita Khrushchev will go to New York to head the Soviet delegation at the United Nations General Assembly session beginning Sept. 20. Khrushchev's second American invasion would hardly be like the first one. He was coming, not at U.S. invitation as he did last year, but visiting by right the 18 acres of U.N. territory on the East River, which is international no man's land. He could hardly hope for an American welcome or even, this time, friendly curiosity. But he seemed intent on a propaganda spectacular designed for the rest of the world.

The Communist bosses of Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia announced that they too would attend the U.N. session, and the remaining satellite satraps would probably follow along. Khrushchev proposed that other chiefs of government should head their U.N. delegations and work toward a disarmament agreement. Recalling the Soviet practice of timing rocket feats for propaganda purposes, the West braced itself for some Soviet space stunt on or about Sept. 20—perhaps rocketing a man aloft in a space capsule and bringing him back alive.

Frosty Calm. Nikita Khrushchev would be coming to the U.S. only four months after he had broken up the Summit, personally insulted the President, slammed the door on the President's trip to Russia, and spurred Communist agitation in Japan against Ike's visit there. He would be sitting in the U.N., dedicated to peace and world order, in his capacity as the world's No. 1 international troublemaker, and representing a system, as Secretary of State Christian Herter said in a speech to the American Bar Association last week, that is "the central obstacle to the establishment of a world of order." At the U.N., the man with the world's most powerful army, Khrushchev would be crying disarmament. He would undoubtedly be heard deploring the Congo chaos, though his goal in the Congo, as Secretary Herter also told the A.B.A., is the "collapse of order." Washington expected Khrushchev, just before or after his spell in the U.S., to visit the Cuba of U.S.-hating Fidel Castro, who last week told a mob he was now planning to recognize Communist China.

Washington's official reaction was a frosty calm. Apart from taking security

measures to guard against any assassination attempt, said U.S. officials, the U.S. Government would not be involved with Khrushchev's visit. As a chief of government he has a right to head his country's U.N. delegation, but the U.S. would not consider him a state visitor to the U.S., would treat him on the same terms as any other U.N. delegation chief.

Questioned Handshake. Even so, Khrushchev's impending visit raised touchy problems. President Eisenhower's tentative plans to make a farewell address to the U.N. General Assembly were now complicated by the question of whether he should proffer even so much as a handshake. If Eisenhower stayed away, would

Khrushchev have clear domination of the show? In the end, the Administration announced that Herter, not Ike, would lead the U.S. delegation. That decision came as a relief to France's Charles de Gaulle, who considers the U.N. "emotional and noisy," but knows that if Ike followed Khrushchev, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan would follow Ike, practically forcing De Gaulle to go to New York, like it or not.

Men assigned to the task would now try to conclude what Khrushchev was up to and recommend courses for counteracting his propaganda ploys (see *FOREIGN NEWS*). They did so not in alarm but as part of their job. Things would be livelier with Khrushchev in the U.S. Undoubtedly he might try to meddle in the U.S.'s presidential campaign. Democrat Jack Kennedy announced that he would meet with Khrushchev only if Richard Nixon went along. A spokesman for the Vice President doubted very much that Nixon or Kennedy would be invited.

THE CONGRESS

Sad Little Session

The 86th Congress passed away whimpering. The short, post-convention summer session ordered by the Democratic leadership to make campaign hay turned into a Democratic fiasco. Bill after bill was either stopped dead or hacked to pieces by a disciplined coalition of Republicans and conservative Southern Democrats. Dick Nixon would not have to explain away any awkward presidential vetoes during his campaign, because President Eisenhower had not had to use his veto.^{*} Although on adjourning Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and House Speaker Sam Rayburn pointed with customary pride, they could not camouflage the failure.

Jack Kennedy, angry and frustrated by his inability to force through even one pet project, was left empty-handed and—far worse—derided by the Republicans for failure to rally the overwhelming Democratic majorities behind his program. In the last fitful week, two more of Kennedy's cherished bills—the minimum-wage extension and the school aid bill—went down the drain. Kennedy himself was head of the Senate delegation that went



KHRUSHCHEV AT U.N. (1959)
"The central obstacle to order."

* One exception: the President vetoed a bill providing federal subsidies for small producers of lead and zinc, who have been hit hard by declining prices.

to a Senate-House conference committee trying to work out a compromise between his own version of the minimum-wage bill (boosting wages from \$1 to \$1.25 per hour, extending coverage to 4,000,000 job-holders) and the House bill (\$1.15 minimum wage, extension to 1,400,000 workers). He faced an implacable coalition of conservatives. Their terms: the House bill or nothing. Rather than accept the scaled-down version and run the risk of a heavy lambasting from organized labor, Kennedy settled for nothing, let both bills die in conference.

Ducking a Dilemma. The school construction measure was landlocked in the House Rules Committee. Again Jack Kennedy faced a dismaying dilemma: the

nation Organization of American States condemned Dictator Trujillo's Dominican Republic for aggression and called for sanctions against it (TIME, Aug. 29). Ike needed authorization to cut imports of Dominican sugar to the U.S. The Senate obligingly voted unrestricted authority to the President, but the House capriciously insisted that he would have to wait until the OAS members formally invoked sanctions. In a schizoid mood, neither House nor Senate would budge, and the new sugar bill died with the Congress. Ike was left with two possible recourses: 1) to invoke special emergency powers to permit him to cut off the sugar, or 2) to postpone any import of sugar whatsoever until New Year's Eve, thus allowing only the tiniest

days after he banged his left knee on an automobile door during his quick campaign trip to Greensboro, N.C., he began to sense that something was wrong. The knee swelled, but instead of going to a doctor, Nixon just bandaged the leg himself. Ten days after the accident he turned himself in to Walter Reed General Hospital for tests. A doctor drained off a sample of fluid from the knee for laboratory analysis, discovered the presence of the "staph," a ubiquitous microbe that can cause a varied assortment of minor and major ills—from boils to pneumonia to fatal blood poisoning.

Nixon checked into Walter Reed's presidential suite (carefully paying the \$34-a-day rental out of his own pocket) for a fortnight of treatment. His left leg was put in traction to keep the knee immobilized, and he was soon responding to injections of penicillin and erythromycin.⁶

He had plenty of visitors. President Eisenhower came, proclaimed that Nixon "looks fine." Staffers showed up to work over campaign schedules and speeches. Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Minority Leader Everett Dirksen came in together, and Johnson afterward joked that he had asked for tips on how to run for Vice President from a man with a lot of experience at it. New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller showed up sporting a big "I'm for Nixon" button on one lapel and an elephant-shaped "Nixon" pin on the other, told newsmen that he was planning to make 120 speeches for Nixon during the remaining 60-odd days of the campaign.

A fortnight lopped out of Nixon's own busy campaign schedule might be considered a serious political misfortune, but Nixonmen argued that he could profitably use the hospital stay for needed rest and staff work. With Nixon abed, Running Mate Henry Cabot Lodge spent the Labor Day weekend touring Catskill mountain resorts and New York public beaches in company with Rockefeller.

Under Nixon's new plans he and Lodge will formally open their campaign early next week with ceremonies at Baltimore's Friendship Airport. Then they will part company, with Lodge heading for Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Florida, Nixon setting out on a whirlwind tour that will take him to 18 cities and towns in 14 states over a span of six days. That schedule is typical of the grueling pace that Nixon has set for himself from the time he gets out of Walter Reed right down to election eve.

THE LAW

Close Vote

President Eisenhower was engagingly informal as he spoke from notes last week to a vast assemblage of U.S. lawyers and British guests in ceremonies at Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel. But his message was deadly serious. "Are we seeking

⁶ One of *Staphylococcus aureus*' unpleasant traits is a tendency to develop strains resistant to antibiotics. But antibiotics worked in Nixon's case.



NIXON WITH JOHNSON & DIRKSEN AT WALTER REED
Rx: rest, staff work and substitutes.

Associated Press

Senate version, appropriating nearly twice the money (\$1.8 billion) offered by the House, authorized special federal funds to raise teachers' salaries—a mouth-watering campaign plum. The House bill contained nothing for the teachers, but it did have Adam Clayton Powell's familiar monkey wrench: an amendment restricting the construction money to integrated schools. With the promise of a vote, if necessary, from Arkansas' James Trimble, Kennedy's adherents on the Rules Committee had the strength to get the House bill out, if Kennedy gave the word.

But in the Senate, the Powell Amendment would have brought on a Southern filibuster. Had Kennedy labored to get the amendment dropped in conference committee, he would have antagonized Negro voters. Kennedy was content to see the bill die, passed the word to Trimble to do nothing. He thereby avoided needlessly antagonizing teachers, Negroes and Southerners.

The dying Congress was not only rough on the Democrats, it also deliberately defied President Eisenhower. After the 21-

trickle of Dominican sugar into the country. If the Congress decided that either action was illegal, grumped Ike, "let them impeach me."

In its last days, the Congress also:
 ¶ Sent to the White House a stopgap housing bill providing \$500 million more in loans to colleges for new dormitories, extending FHA insurance for unsecured loans for home improvements beyond the Oct. 1 expiration date, and tacking on \$50 million in new loans for municipal public facilities.

¶ Appropriated \$3,787,350,000 in foreign aid, which President Eisenhower approved, even though it was nearly \$500 million under his original request.

THE CAMPAIGN

Out of Action

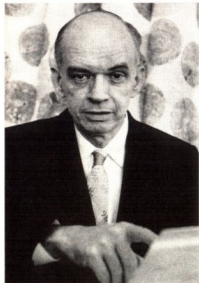
Just when the adjournment of Congress promised a wide-open campaign trail, Richard Nixon discovered that he was not only running against Jack Kennedy but against a crippling opponent named hemolytic *Staphylococcus aureus*. A few

peace with justice, are we seeking a world rule of law, or are we seeking to find ways in which we can cater to our own views and ideas in the legal field?" he asked. "We must put our minds on the rule of reason, not upon every kind of petty or important obstacle that can be imagined, not every kind of difficulty that might be in the way of a perfect administration of international justice."

So saying, Dwight Eisenhower lobbied hard on the biggest issue confronting the 83rd annual convention of the American Bar Association: whether the A.B.A. should stand by its 13-year-old condemnation of the so-called Connally Reservation, which weakens U.S. participation in the World Court and encourages other nations to duck World Court jurisdiction.

History of Fairness. On the day of the vote, some of the nation's best-known lawyers rose to endorse Ike or to dispute him. "I am not prepared to give up one iota of American sovereignty to a court that is controlled in part by the Soviets," said fiery A.B.A. Past President David F. Maxwell of Philadelphia, who called instead for "a court of free nations . . . where laws will be supported by Anglo-Saxon justice and not totalitarianism."⁹ In rebuttal, the A.B.A.'s incoming president, Whitney North Seymour, 59, of New York, argued that the court's decisions during its 14-year history have shown it to be learned and impartial. The A.B.A.'s new President-elect John C. Satterfield of Mississippi, 56, who will succeed Seymour in one year, contended that "if we retain the Connally Amendment, every day, every week, every year, we will be telling the world that we will not submit to the jurisdiction of the World Court and international law."

The final vote was tense. Before it began, On the 15-judge World Court, where majority decisions are binding, one judge is from Russia, one from Poland, one from the U.S., twelve from the rest of the non-Communist world.



A.B.A. PRESIDENT-ELECT SATTERFIELD
Rx: world law.



IKE & G.O.P. CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATES
Rx: issues, shoe leather and doorbells.

gan, Attorney General William Rogers, Deputy Attorney General Lawrence Walsh and Solicitor General J. Lee Rankin—who are automatically members of the A.B.A. House of Delegates but rarely vote—slipped into their seats to underscore the Eisenhower Administration's concern over the outcome. By a slender 114 to 107, the A.B.A. stuck by its condemnation of the Connally Reservation.¹⁰

Question of Peace. In speeches the following night, Lawyer Adlai Stevenson said: "It is immensely significant that the organized bar of the country has given this manifest of America's belief in the ideal of a common confidence among nations." Secretary of State Christian Herter added his "unqualified endorsement": "As a world leader, we are setting an exceedingly poor example by such parochial action as the Connally Amendment."

Said Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright, who will carry the brunt of the load in the Senate drive for repeal: "As much as some Americans may dislike it, the U.S. has been thrust into the center of world affairs. Either we move to strengthen the mechanisms of world peace—of which the World Court is a conspicuous example—or we continue to suffer increasingly the frustrations of a world in which there is no real peace."

REPUBLICANS

The New Class

"Poor organization and failure to run stronger candidates" beat his party in many areas in 1958, wrote Vice President Richard Nixon in a post-mortem after the Democrats won the House of Representatives 283 to 158. Since then Nixon & Co. have been beating the bushes to recruit articulate, attractive young Republicans to run for Congress. Last week 167 of

⁹ The Connally Reservation can be abolished only by a treaty-ratifying two-thirds vote of the Senate.

1960's crop of new Republican candidates paid their way to the capital, where the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee picked up hotel and food tabs and put on a two-day cram course on how to influence voters and win elections.

Behind closed doors the old timers showed some trade secrets. Ohio Congressman Bill Ayres exhibited a sample children's coloring book with his picture on the cover. California's Bob Wilson had his popular *Bob Wilson's Cookbook* on display. Pennsylvania Candidate James H. Mantis told about his campaign pin—a golden praying mantis. But the stress was less on gadgets than on issues; such topflight Congressmen as Minnesota's Walter Judd, Michigan's Gerald Ford and Illinois' Les Arends joined with Administration experts in seminars on foreign relations, national security, the economy, fiscal policy and space. Then the pledges went over to the White House for some strong campaign advice from another relative newcomer to politics who has won more votes than any other man. "Work, and know what you are working for," said Dwight Eisenhower. "You have got to do a lot of wearing out of shoe leather and ringing of doorbells."

By and large, the G.O.P. elders were pleased with the crop. Many of the candidates are lawyers, and several are doctors, though their ranks also include a California geologist, an Ohio newspaper publisher, an Indiana livestock salesman, and a South Dakota Sioux Indian who is a Harvard Ph.D. and was an official of the Bureau of Indian Affairs until he resigned to run for office. By and large they had a surprisingly strong conservative bent. In a representative cross section polled by a TIME correspondent, only a few chose to identify themselves as middle-of-the-roads. A substantial majority arranged themselves solidly with Arizona's Barry Goldwater, guiding spirit of far-out G.O.P. conservatives.

POLLS

Dead Heat

The fortunes of the presidential candidates, according to the Gallup poll, are fluctuating as madly as cardiograms of young lovers in the Tunnel of Love. Last month, right after the G.O.P. Convention, Gallup reported that Dick Nixon had overtaken and had a commanding lead over his opponent, Jack Kennedy—50% to 44%—in the hearts of his voting countrymen. The poll caused jitters at Kennedy headquarters, some doubts amidst the jubilation in Nixon's camp, and considerable skepticism in the ranks of Washington commentators. Last week, a scant fortnight after his first poll, Gallup announced that Kennedy had moved up to a dead heat with Nixon—47% to 47%. What still bothered the skeptics in all camps was the suspiciously low 6% of the electorate Gallup found still undecided between the two candidates.

Giant's Promise. At the stadium, putting his prepared text aside, Kennedy delivered what reporters agreed was one of his finest political speeches. He spoke of the perils and problems confronting the U.S. "I don't run for the office of the President to tell you what you want to hear. I run for the office of the presidency because in a dangerous time we need to be told what we must do if we are going to maintain our freedom and the freedom of those who depend upon us." Then Kennedy hit his campaign theme of work and sacrifice to make the U.S. future secure. "What shall we do in this country?" he asked. "What shall we do around the world to reverse the trend of history, to take those actions here in this country and throughout the globe that shall make people feel that in the year of 1961 the American giant began to stir again, the great American boiler began to fire up again, this country began to move ahead again?" Jack Kennedy gave no real answer to his

working. It had been that way, increasingly, since Jack Kennedy left Washington and its disappointments behind him the previous day. Barnstorming through his native New England, he encountered larger and more enthusiastic crowds at every airport and rally. (In Manchester, N.H. his pregnant wife Jackie prudently left the entourage and went home because of the crushing crowds and fast-stepping pace.) With each new audience, he seemed to respond more enthusiastically, to work up more steam. At one point he talked as though the rest of the nation wasn't listening, hinting broadly that trade protectionism could solve New England's industrial decline—an attitude quite different from the Democratic low tariff stance set by F.D.R. Said Kennedy in Manchester: "We can protect our textile and shoe industries."

After Maine and New Hampshire, Kennedy raced west in his chartered jet clipper *Caroline*® to California and Alaska, then headed back to Detroit for the traditional Labor Day speech in Cadillac Square. New England reassured him that the spell was still working. "I am going to carry the campaign to all parts of the United States," he said in San Francisco. "In order to show that this country cannot afford four more years of Republican leadership," Jack Kennedy was off at last, and running hard.



JACK & JACKIE KENNEDY CAMPAIGNING IN MANCHESTER, N.H.
Also a hint of old-fashioned protectionism.

DEMOCRATS

The Campaign Spell

In a room in Portland's Lafayette Hotel, Candidate John Kennedy dined quietly, then hurried down to the street below. The chemistry of the evening had touched and stimulated him, and he was anxious to get back among the crowds that filled the streets. As his motorcade started for the Portland stadium, the mood heightened. There was a tang of September in the Maine air. The low hum of excited people rose from the four-deep throngs along his route, burst into cheering as Jack Kennedy passed by. The glow of old-fashioned torches, hand-crayoned signs ("I'D WALK A MILE FOR JACK") and chants from the youngsters ("Never fear, Jack is here") gave the first stop in his post-congressional campaign a feeling of a long-ago political rally.

own questions; but the crowd was with him as he continued:

"This is not a contest merely between the Vice President and myself. This is a contest between all of us who believe that the future belongs to the United States—all of the men and women of talent and industry and interest and vitality who wish to serve this country, who wish to play a part in its life. I ask the support of all of those who believe that this country can lead the world."

Protection's Hint. Throughout his speech, Kennedy kept his audience of 5,000 listeners rooted to their seats, and some veteran reporters forgot to take notes. Not until he finished was there a great burst of applause and a surge toward the candidate. The Kennedy spell—which he had promised would be cast again, once he had shaken off the legislative frustrations of Washington—was

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

¶ In Little Rock, Governor Orval Faubus, Arkansas' Galahad of segregation, gave the Kennedy-Johnson ticket a gingerly endorsement, but made it clear that he will have no truck with the Democratic platform, especially its hateful civil rights plank. In Tallahassee, Farris Bryant, the Democratic candidate for Governor (and, in effect, Governor-elect) reached the same split decision, gave Jack Kennedy a grudging nod while deploring the "repugnant" civil rights program. In Washington, the grey eminence of die-hard Dixiecracy, South Carolina's Strom Thurmond announced that he could stomach neither the "obnoxious and punitive" platform nor Candidate Kennedy.

¶ During the farewells on his departure from the United Nations, Henry Cabot Lodge received a cable from Rome informing him that the Knights of Malta had awarded him their Grand Cross of Merit. A top-ranking Roman Catholic

® Named for the Kennedy's 2½-year-old daughter, not to be confused with the Presidential jet *Columbine III*, named for the official flower of Colorado, Mamie Eisenhower's home state.

† A charitable, fraternal order begun by the Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, Crusaders who ruled Rhodes for two centuries and Malta for nearly three, fought Turks and Barbary pirates, and established hospitals all over Europe. The order still retains a vestigial sovereignty: its headquarters in Rome (population at last count: 2) is half the size of a football field, ranks as the world's smallest independent state. The Knights issue passports, exchange diplomatic missions with 20 nations.

laymen's order (among the U.S. members: Joseph Patrick Kennedy, father of the Democratic presidential candidate), the Knights seldom decorate Protestants. For Episcopalian Lodge, the decoration was a rare honor indeed.

¶ The 150-member General Presbytery of the Assemblies of God, an evangelical church with some 1,000,000 members, met in Springfield, Mo., and unanimously adopted a resolution opposing a Roman Catholic as President of the U.S.

¶ Ex-Ballplayer Jackie Robinson joined the campaign retinue of Vice President Richard Nixon as a speechmaker and Negro policy adviser. The Kennedy-leaning New York Post promptly withdrew Robinson's daily column from circulation for the duration of the campaign. Robinson, still a big hero among millions of U.S. Negroes, has long needed Jack Kennedy for not being as fervently in favor of civil rights as he ought to be.

A Shot Heard Far

The one Republican who inspires a thump of political kinship in the hearts of Virginia Democrats is Arizona's deep-dyed conservative, Senator Barry Goldwater. On a raid into the Old Dominion last week, Goldwater publicly assured Virginians that they could interpret the silence of their own Democratic patriarch, Senator Harry Flood Byrd, 73, about the Kennedy-Johnson ticket as "sufficient instruction" to vote for Nixon-Lodge. In rebuttal, Virginia's Governor J. Lindsay Almond, sometime Byrdman who has gradually set up a separate camp of his own, spoke up for Jack Kennedy and seized the chance for a sly jab at Byrd and his lieutenants. "I am certainly not going to label these distinguished Virginians as Republicans," said Almond with deadpan irony. "Senator Goldwater has already done that. Whether his statement is a compliment or an accusation is a matter for these gentlemen to deal with as they see fit."

Later that day, Almond fired off a shot heard round Virginia, and beyond. "There is no doubt in my mind," he said to newsmen, "that the Republican leadership, by innuendo, is seeking to capitalize on the religious issue. Furthermore, I think Mr. Nixon has done that by repeatedly referring to the matter, ostensibly to deprecate it." It obviously was getting hard to tell just who was doing most to fan the religious issue—those who make a point of it, those who deprecate it, or those who call attention to those who deprecate it. Jack Kennedy, asked whether he agreed that Nixon was trying to exploit prejudice, answered that he was "sure the Vice President does not want this campaign to hinge on a religious debate."

WOMEN

Tea Party Task Force

The cabin of their chartered Convair was carefully stocked with smelling salts and tranquilizers, the engines were checked and the tanks were topped off. The travelers were ready to go. Then someone

realized that they had not alerted the pilot. That little matter attended to, Lyndon Johnson's wife Lady Bird, Jack Kennedy's sister Eunice, and Bobby Kennedy's wife Ethel left Washington last week and headed West on the first all-female foray of the presidential campaign. Disturbed by reports of Texas' growing unhappiness with Lyndon Johnson for supporting the liberal civil rights plank in the Democratic platform, the ladies were determined to corral the female vote and save the Lone Star State for their party.

Airborne Advice. They had a clutch of Texas Congressmen's wives for company and one male: Warren Woodward, manager of Lady Bird's TV station in Austin. "Woody can find anything from lost luggage to a masseur," explained Lady Bird. "I call him my vice president in charge of strange activities." But there was no doubt about who was running the road show. All the way West, Lady Bird exercised her soft Southern drawl delivering feline vi-

mary of her brother's war record, his qualifications for the presidency ("It would take more than Jimmy Hoffa to scare my brother"), and took on the job of outlining Sister-in-Law Jackie's qualifications for First Lady: "She's 31, speaks five languages, is very much interested in children. She would make the White House a gay and pleasant place. There would be life and laughter."

Constant Energy. By the time the tour was finished, the girls had handled integrated tea party or segregated breakfast with equal aplomb. They had spoken their piece for people who distrusted Catholics ("The Catholic Church," said Eunice, "does not influence Jack in any way except a religious way"), people who were worried about the oil-depletion allowance, who resented Lyndon Johnson's second place on the ticket. Their energy was a source of constant consternation to everyone who tried to keep up with them. They had hardly arrived at the L.B.J. Ranch for



SISTERS-IN-LAW EUNICE SHRIVER & ETHEL KENNEDY WITH LADY BIRD
Also water polo, touch football and tug of war.

gnettes on the people the girls would meet. ("She's never been a friend and never will be, but I hope she will work for the Democratic Party.") And all the way, outspoken Eunice Shriver and casual, quick-witted Ethel Kennedy quietly took notes. By the time they landed, the campaigners were well briefed.

Performing with the enthusiasm of old-time, touring vaudevillians, they swung across the state—Houston, Dallas, Wichita Falls, El Paso, Odessa—unwilted by 100° heat, shook as many as 2,500 hands a day, made their pitch at morning "coffees," afternoon teas and press conferences. Lady Bird explained Lyndon with wifely conviction: "Lyndon is the same man as before. He has never been embraced by extreme liberals or extreme conservatives." Ethel got an admiring gasp when she was introduced as the mother of seven children. Eunice drew sober attention with a sum-

mary of her brother's war record, his qualifications for the presidency ("It would take more than Jimmy Hoffa to scare my brother"), and took on the job of outlining Sister-in-Law Jackie's qualifications for First Lady: "She's 31, speaks five languages, is very much interested in children. She would make the White House a gay and pleasant place. There would be life and laughter."

AMERICANA

Romantic Excursion

As the Lackawanna Railroad's crack *Phoebe Snow* pulled out of Hoboken and roared west last week, a private Pullman car was attached to the rear, with a party of eight elderly Negroes aboard. The leader and bill payer of the group was a tall, spare man, duded up in a blinding sports shirt and necktie, a sharp-lapelled

suit, jaunty Ivy League cap and high-button shoes. He was no potentate from Africa, but William Tyler, 78, a retired Pullman porter, and he was relishing the fulfillment of a lifetime dream.

Last spring Tyler, living quietly in a Los Angeles rooming house, hit the Irish Sweepstakes for \$68,000 after taxes. Grandy, he invited his wife, his landlady and five old friends to join him on a romantic, cross-country journey. Most of his companions had never been out of California, and Tyler wanted them to see the rest of the country, as he had in his pillow-plumping days. "When I called the Southern Pacific to hire a car," he recalled, "I guess they thought I was kind of goofy. When the man told me it would cost around \$7,500, I told him, 'Fine.' I'll send you a check for \$8,500 in case it's any more."

From Los Angeles the private Pullman rolled to El Paso, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Niagara Falls, New York and Chicago, with leisurely, de luxe stopovers in each city. This week Tyler and friends headed for San Francisco and home. The whole excursion will cost the old porter about \$15,000. Said Tyler: "I've got enough money left over to last me the rest of my life. But if I hit the Sweepstakes again in October, I'll hire another car and come back."

Man & Plan

"The tide is definitely turning," said the frail old man. "My crackpot idea is becoming the idea that will save America from economic serfdom and will bring happiness and prosperity." The time was 1937, and Dr. Francis E. Townsend was almost right: his Townsend Plan, a Depression-born pension panacea, had caught the fancy of legions of elderly Americans. At flood tide, more than 4,000,000 members in 10,000 Townsend clubs gave the lanky, mesmeric country doctor immense political power, and their contributions, in a river of nickels and dimes, flowed in at the rate of \$4,000,000 a year.

Conceived with a Curse. Like so many oddball utopias, the Townsend Plan began in Southern California.* Because of fragile health, Francis Townsend had given up a horse-and-buggy practice in South Dakota's Black Hills and headed for Long Beach with his wife (his former nurse) at age 50. One morning in the bleak year of 1934, when he was down to his last \$500, he happened to see three aged crones pawing through a garbage pail in search of

food. The sight outraged Townsend's sensibilities, and he began to curse in such a loud voice that his wife begged him to be quiet. But Francis Townsend would not be hushed: within a month his plan was written, and before a year had passed, the wrathful Savonarola of the senescent was heard across the U.S.

Townsend proposed to pension off every citizen on his 60th birthday with \$200 a month, and to pay for the \$20 billion annual cost by levying a staggering 2% tax on every business transaction in the nation. (He later lowered his sights to a minimum \$15-a-month pension, to be paid for by taxing personal incomes.) The plan promised all things to all men of all ages: by forcing the retirement of oldsters, it would create new openings for younger men and thus solve the unemployment problem; and by requiring every pensioner to spend all of his \$200 every month, it would keep money in constant circulation.

Cheers over Jeers. Economists hoisted at Townsend and the unworkability of his plan. But the cheers of Townsend's followers drowned out the jeers, and the Townsend Plan assumed ominous proportions as a religio-political movement with clubs in 42 states, a well-organized lobby in Washington and a *Recovery Song* (sample lyric: "Old folks will take their ease and have a bit of fun. And will be grateful to Townsend!").

As his movement gathered strength and power, Townsend got into politics with some old cronies. In 1936 he helped found the crypto-fascist Union Party, with Gerald L. K. Smith, the pitchman of Huey Long's Share the Wealth program (and later a founder of the America First Party and a convicted subversive in World War II), and Father Charles E. Coughlin, priest-leader of the notorious "social justice" movement. Their presidential candidate, North Dakota's Representative William Lemke, polled a mere \$91,000 out of

44,000,000 votes. Later, for refusing to answer a congressional committee, Townsend was sentenced to 30 days in jail for contempt. But Franklin Roosevelt recognized the portents of martyrdom, granted him "an unsolicited pardon."

Fanning Old Fires. In 1939 Dr. Townsend sat in dejected silence in the gallery as the House of Representatives crushed his plan, 302 to 97. By then, social security was all the thing. (Townsend contemptuously refused to accept his own social security paycheck of \$99.15 until he was 86.) After his wife's death in 1951, Dr. Townsend spent his days restlessly traveling, speaking to the faithful, trying to rekindle the old fires. In the midst of a tour last month, he caught pneumonia, died of complications in Long Beach last week, a wispy old-fire breather of 93, unknown or half-forgotten by most Americans. But he was remembered with a nervous twinge by an older generation of politicians, and mourned by 1,000,000 faithful followers in the remaining 2,000 Townsend clubs.

NEW YORK

"So-Called Civilized"

Well-tamed New Yorkers have long since learned that to stray beyond the floodlights in the city parks at night is to invite a holdup, a mugging or worse. But Columbia University Professor Karl H. Menges, 52, who has seen some wild places in his time, thought he was in a civilized country as he took his evening walk one night last week past Morningside Park, which borders the Columbia campus. Half a dozen teen-agers stopped him, asked for a match, then as he hesitated beat him over the head with a heavy board and knocked him bleeding to the ground. Professor Menges got to his feet, whacked out with his walking stick and sent them running.

Next morning he whacked out just as resoundingly at the city that lets such things happen. "I have traveled alone, unarmed, all through the Caucasus, Turkey, Russian Kurdistan, Persia, occasionally among primitive tribes supposed to be hostile to white men," said Central Asian Language Specialist Menges. "I have also gone among bandits in such places and never been molested. But here in a so-called civilized city, in the evening on a lighted street near a large university, I am attacked by jungle beasts. I do not think such things should be tolerated."

TEXAS

Trouble in Buffalo Gap

Time was when high-spirited citizens of Buffalo Gap, Texas (pop. 335) let off steam by bucketing down the main street on their perkier cow ponies. Then came automobiles—but little else changed. Everyone still barreled through town at a breakneck clip. The sheriff was twelve miles away in Abilene, as remote as he was in the old freewheeling frontier days of wagon trains and trail herds.

Last fall the law came to Buffalo Gap. Unwary townsfolk voted to incorporate



LEADER TOWNSEND (1936)
Remembered with a nervous twinge.

* Among many made-in-California imitations and rivals of the Townsend Plan, two achieved notable power and the support of millions of voters: Upton Sinclair's E.P.I.C. (End Poverty in California) and the Ham-and-Eggs movement, both utopian schemes to aid the poor and aged. Running as the Democratic nominee for Governor on an E.P.I.C. platform in 1934, Sinclair got \$70,000 votes to Republican Frank Merriam's 1,138,000. Ham-and-Eggs, cooked up by a radio announcer and two aden, attracted wide public support (and several notorious soundbites), forced a special referendum on its \$30-Every-Thursday proposal for California to pay off \$1.5 billion in annual pensions with worthless scrip. It lost by a narrow margin.



MAYOR BURNS

Jim Mancaster



COPS FRISKING JACKSONVILLE NEGROES
A shuddering distaste for racial activity.

Associated Press



POLICE CHIEF REYNOLDS

Jim Mancaster

so they could get a better school and a municipal water system. What they also got, as soon as their aldermen began to exercise their new powers, was a part-time city marshal. And as soon as he pinned on his star, the marshal began to enforce a 30-m.p.h. speed limit. From hot-rodding teen-agers to throttle-tromping adults, Buffalo Gap was outraged. The marshal got no cooperation; he could not make his summonses stick in court. And since his only salary consisted of a percentage of the fines he collected, he soon quit in disgust.

Flashlight & Six-Gun. Two more marshals came and went before Mayor C. P. Hendrix finally found a long, lean hang-over from the old West named Floyd Earl. The new marshal took over like the hero of a TV shoot-em-up. "This has been my home all my life," says Earl. "I felt like I was just volunteering for military service." With neither uniform nor police car to advertise his authority, Earl prowled his territory after dark, wig-wagged at speeders with a flashlight, unlimbered his six-gun and shot at them when they failed to stop. Although he has yet to hit a car (or driver), Earl keeps trying to slow them down. When some local toughs threatened to run him out of town, he grabbed the ringleader and promised to pistol-whip him the length of Main Street if he talked back to the law again.

By then half the town was after the marshal's hide. Last week they called a meeting and tried to get Earl fired. "He jumps out at cars and starts waving this flashlight at them," said Mrs. Carl Hol-lowell. "If you were a stranger going through town, would you stop? Then he pulls a gun on you and starts shooting. The other day he was walking down the main street with a pistol and a sawed-off shotgun in his hands. I tell you, everybody's life in town is in danger with that man loose."

Curtain Lines. The mayor and the aldermen sided with Earl. He himself scuffed his cowboy boots in the dust,

spat through tobacco-stained teeth and stayed on the job. So far he has only collected \$9 in fines, but he has no intention of quitting his flashlight-and-pistol technique, or his job. "They threatened to kill me Saturday night," he draws. "At least three times they've tried to run me over when I was on foot. I'll tell you, the only way I'm going to leave is if the town fires me, or if they carry me out to the family plot and bury me."

FLORIDA

Promise of Trouble

"If Christ walked the streets of Jacksonville," a Jacksonville priest told his congregation, "he would be horrified." Dark rumors ran through the streets of Florida's third largest city last week. The wounds of violent race riots were open and ugly, and there was promise of more trouble to come.

Under its sleek veneer of progress—the tall new buildings, the bustling St. Johns River traffic, the tony seaside country clubs—Jacksonville is more akin in spirit to nearby cracker towns in south Georgia than to cosmopolitan southern Florida, and seems to have reverted to type. Its newest school was named after Civil War General Nathan Bedford Forrest, and even the kids knew that "Fustest with the mostest" Forrest was one of the founders of the Ku Klux Klan. Mayor Haydon Burns is a 48-year-old segregationist with his eye on the Governor's chair and a shuddering distaste for doing anything to promote racial activity. Police Chief Luther Reynolds is a 62-year-old, greying Andy Gump, a man who "does not believe Jacksonville is ready for integration."

Epidemic. Jacksonville's Negroes have also been slow to catch up with the times. Sit-in demonstrations stirred up most of the South before Jacksonville even got a taste of them last winter, and the Jacksonville version failed miserably. Then, last month, in the middle of a lackluster summer, Jacksonville's Negroes were moved to try again. The demonstrators

got no help from local whites, and tension mounted. A pair of Negro youths, running from the cops, accidentally knocked an elderly white woman through a plate-glass window; a white woman and a Negro woman got into a hair-pulling match, and the town boiled over. In a sudden rush of business, Sears Roebuck sold 50 ax handles in 15 minutes. Sit-in demonstrators on their way downtown were met by a club-wielding mob. By the time the police got around to stopping the riot, Jacksonville was suffering from an epidemic of broken heads.

The Negroes retreated to "Niggertown" on the northwest edge of the city, announced that no whites were welcome. Cars driving along the new expressway that knifes into the city from the north were stoned and shot at. White taxi drivers venturing into the Negro section were burned by potash. Fire bombs were tossed. A Negro ex-convict named Charlie Davis led a shooting raid on a white filling station, got shot in the head himself and was killed when his car crashed into a utility pole. Negro gangs gave up fighting among themselves, banded together against the common enemy and roamed the streets looking for trouble. In a single day 50 people were injured and 90 put in jail.

Truce. By week's end business was far below normal in Jacksonville. Governor LeRoy Collins had alerted the National Guard, and the city's 400-man police force was enforcing an uneasy truce. N.A.A.C.P. agents, in town to call off further sit-ins and to try to keep Negro gangs under control, blamed the situation on Jacksonville's stubborn segregation. Despite his police chief's report that "all the fellows we arrested were local boys," Mayor Burns insisted that the trouble had been started by whites from out of town. Whoever was right, the promise of more trouble remained.

"He who forgives ends the quarrel," proclaimed the bulletin board outside the Snyder Memorial Methodist Church. Few people in Jacksonville last week seemed ready to forgive.

THE NATIONS

Back on the Job

Tanned and bouncy from three weeks' vacation in the sunny Crimea, Nikita Khrushchev last week returned to Moscow. Portents of trouble began cropping up all over.

The first was in West Berlin. Angry over scheduled congresses there of former war prisoners and of "expellees" from once German lands now held by Poland and Russia, the East German Communist regime imposed the severest curbs on travel in or out of Berlin since the 1949 blockade. For five days, said the East Germans, no West German would be allowed to enter East Germany or East Berlin without a special pass. The East Germans also warned the allies against flying "militarists and irredentists" into West Berlin along the air corridors that link the city with West Germany.

The huffing did not really hurt. West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt announced that his government would pay the air fare of any West German prevented from traveling to Berlin by train or car, and in well-publicized defiance of the East German threats, allied planes proceeded to fly in delegates to the rallies. But at check points along the land routes, many an ordinary West German was turned back, and traffic piled up for miles as East German cops carefully checked the background of the occupants of each car.

Exclusion Act. Khrushchev's next move was more spectacular. He had decided, he announced, to come to New York Sept. 20 to lead the Soviet delegation at the opening of the U.N. General Assembly. Apparently this meant quite a gathering of the clan. Day before, Rumania's Party Chief Gheorghe Gheorgiu-Dej proclaimed that he would head his country's U.N. delegation. Presumably, all the satellite leaders would troop across the



EAST GERMAN BORDER POLICE STOPPING CARS IN BERLIN
Huffs of interference.

Associated Press

Atlantic. Presumably, too, Khrushchev's new-found friends in the Western Hemisphere, Cuba's Castro and Dominican Dictator Trujillo, would also make in-person appearances at the U.N. And Nikita blandly allowed that he thought "it would be good" if President Eisenhower and Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan also put in an appearance.

What does Khrushchev hope to accomplish at the U.N.? He himself made one of his purposes plain when he announced that the Western chiefs of state should meet him at the U.N. to achieve "a rapid solution" on disarmament. As part of his campaign to alienate Afro-Asian neutrals from the West, Khrushchev clearly plans to launch a new disarmament spectacular at the General Assembly.

But Khrushchev has another audience he keeps much in mind these days: Red China's insubordinate Mao Tse-tung. By assembling in New York all the world's Communist chieftains save Mao, Khrushchev underlines Peking's exclusion from the U.N. and perhaps emphasizes the isolation in which Red China would stand if it ever broke with Russia. The sight of Nikita bustling about the U.N. corridors closed to Mao might also be intended to remind Afro-Asians which Communist power can do most for them diplomatically, now that Peking and Moscow are competing around the world for support.

The Space Train. At week's end Khrushchev bounced across the Finnish border to Helsinki, ostensibly to celebrate the 60th birthday of Finnish President Urho Kekkonen. As he stepped out of his special train in the Finnish capital, he purred coyly: "I can assure you that my visit has no mysterious purpose. Can visits not be made in a friendly spirit?" Next day he casually remarked that the Soviet Union planned soon to launch "a train" into space. As usual, no one was quite sure how seriously to take him.



KEKKONEN & FRIEND
Portents of impertinence.

Lehtikuv

CONGO

Long Way to Go

Chaos is never absolute. It can always get more chaotic, and last week in the Congo it did.

For Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba it was a week of humiliation. Lumumba's first setback came from the hands of the 13-nation African "summit" conference he had grandiosely convened in a nondescript Léopoldville auditorium. Lumumba had hoped his brother Africans would promise him military aid and moral support. Instead, delegates from Tunisia, Morocco and the Algerian rebel "government" had a message of their own for Lumumba to hear: they were alarmed by his irresponsible attacks on the United Nations. "Lumumba's childish behavior is damaging all Africans," rasped one North African.

"We Are Obsessed." Furiously, Lumumba's newspaper accused the North Africans of cuddling up to U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld in return for his promise to help them in the next U.N. debate on the Algerian war. Unmoved, the majority of the African "summiters" agreed to a resolution urging the Congo to halt further incidents of violence against the U.N. forces, and pointedly recalling that U.N. troops had come "at the express request" of the Congolese government. The resolution expressly commended both Hammarskjöld and Ralph Bunche (who last week headed home from the Congo declaring "I am a man of patience, but my patience has worn thin").

At the final summit session, as the resolutions were read, Lumumba fiddled and twitched, then rose to retort that "the incidents never would have taken place if from the first there had been a spirit of cooperation on the U.N.'s part." As if to explain away his troops' attacks on U.N.

AFRICA: Red Weeds Grow in New Soil

In Moscow last week grinning Ghanaian diplomats gleefully celebrated the signing of a \$45 million contract for Soviet development of their nation's mineral and industrial resources. In the Hôtel de France in Guinea's steaming capital of Conakry, the lingua franca of the lobby has shifted from French to Russian. At Léopoldville and Stanleyville in the Congo, Soviet Ilyushin transports buzz familiarly in and out, debouching badly needed food—plus intelligence officers, tactical advisers for Premier Patrice Lumumba's army and, according to Western intelligence reports, arms and ammunition.

FIVE years ago, Russians and Eastern Europeans were a rarity in black Africa, and, though occasional African nationalists turned up in Moscow to study, not one *Pravda* page in 50 mentioned the continent's name. Last week, everywhere Western diplomats turned, Communist weeds were sprouting in the freshly plowed soil of African nationhood. Guinea's Sékou Touré turned to the East for aid after France responded to his demand for independence by withdrawing everything down to the Government House furniture. Now he has Czechs operating his airports. Poles running his public works and East Germans building him a big new radio station. Ethiopia's proud Haile Selassie is well nigh awash with Soviet and Czech financial credits and, inevitably, with hundreds of Red technicians.

Despite their slow start in Africa, the Soviets moved swiftly once colonial rule began to crumble. Overnight Russia's rulers created in Moscow a mammoth African research center headed by the Soviet Union's top African expert, Professor Ivan Potekhin. Top Soviet diplomatic talent was rushed to Africa, including Middle East Ace Daniel Solod, who is Moscow's Ambassador to Guinea, and hard-driving Ambassador to Congo Mikhail Yakovlev, whose clever footwork has gained him seemingly unrestricted access to Patrice Lumumba's office. Soviet diplomats have cleared the way for such projects as the African student scheme under which, last week, arrangements were made to send 150 Congolese youths to Moscow's new Friendship University in the autumn. And at least 1,000 African students have already been installed in schools in Moscow, Kiev, Odessa and Leningrad under the crash program begun three years ago.

Guerillas & Acrobats. Following in the master's footsteps, Russia's European satellites are also hard at work infiltrating Africa in a carefully planned joint campaign coordinated by the East Germans. Since 1958, more than 800 African students and labor leaders have "matriculated" at both ordinary universities and special institutes in Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, Leipzig and East Berlin. Simultaneously, East German trade and cultural missions have been established in Ghana, Guinea, the Sudan, Nigeria, and in the Mali Federation and Cameroon, where Communist parties and Red guerrillas (who had made earlier Moscow pilgrimages) already existed. Within two days after the Congo became independent last June, five East German "trade union" advisers were setting up shop in Léopoldville.

The Red Chinese are on the scene, too: "rice technicians," *ie.*, coolies in Guinea, "tea advisers" in Morocco, and such cultural-exchange groups as the troupe of Chinese acrobats that toured Ethiopia, Sudan, Guinea and Morocco for six months this year. In the past 18 months 54 separate African delegations have gotten the Red carpet treatment in Peking. And last week Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba glumly predicted that Chinese "volunteers" would be fighting along-side Algeria's Moslem rebels in a matter of months.

But Communist effort in Africa by no means assures Communist triumph there. So far, despite all the Red activity, Communism's only solid foothold on a continent

the size of the U.S., China and India combined is in little Guinea, a corner of West Africa no bigger than Oregon. The obstacles ahead are formidable. For one thing, white skin is white skin, as a Russian medical team in the Congo learned last week when it was attacked by natives, who thought the Russians, too, were Belgian. For another, Communism speaks in Africa with two voices, one Chinese, one Russian. The Soviets, keenly aware that Africa's rising leaders and their supporters are mostly middle-class in origin and purely nationalist in philosophy, two weeks ago proclaimed that it was all right for Communists to cooperate "for quite a long time" with bourgeois leaders "in colonial lands." To the Red Chinese, this was "a violation of Lenin's views" and heresy; Peking's program for Africa is to encourage by every means immediate proletarian revolutions patterned after Mao Tse-tung's own rise to power.

From Two, Twelve. A more important barrier to sweeping Communist triumph is the what's-in-it-for-me attitude of the African political leaders, who are not interested in inviting in new outside masters. The Communists may find it as difficult as the West does to come to terms with the fiercely neutralist pattern emerging among Africa's new nations. In the fashion of Nasser, most African leaders seem hopeful of taking aid from both sides while avoiding domination by either. Haile Selassie refuses to spend any of his \$100 million Soviet low-interest credits until the harassed Red technicians in Addis Ababa go along with his own development schemes, some of them involving Western participation.

Where neutralism doesn't balk the Communists, Africa's impulse toward fragmentation—a result of Africa's 800 languages and thousands of local and regional loyalties—should rule out a general Red takeover. In 1950, French Africa was two big land areas, their economies interwoven by the civil servants from Paris; today it has split into twelve nations. In former French Equatorial Africa, efforts to hold the pieces together failed because little Gabon refused to share its wealth with its poorer neighbors. Despite spasmodic efforts at federation, Africa seems certain to drift not toward political unity, Red-inspired or otherwise, but toward a kind of South American-style hodgepodge of small states, mainly poor and endlessly squabbling.

The Price of Turmoil. No matter how clever their diplomacy, the Communists could not hope to harness Africa's exploding forces to their will completely. The West has in Africa economic and political stakes that will not be lightly surrendered. What the Soviets could do—and presently seem determined to do—is to prolong and enhance the turmoil in Africa to destroy Western influence there, content to settle for chaos where they cannot control.

RED PLANE LANDING GHANA TROOPS IN CONGO



personnel, he shouted, "We are obsessed with the idea of immediately entering Katanga and liberating our brothers!" Then, waving a wad of yellow "membership cards" in a manner reminiscent of the late Joe McCarthy, he charged that the Belgians had formed a private army to aid Moïse Tshombe, Premier of the secessionist Congo province of Katanga.

Hanging On. In the swirling Congo, this charge was hard to prove or disprove. But the Belgians did seem to be stalling on their promise to evacuate their troops from the last big airbases they controlled, including the spacious, well-equipped Kamina strip in Katanga. Hammarjöld fired off a stiff note to Brussels, virtually accusing the Belgians of lying in assuring him that all their soldiers had left when, in fact, he charged, 600 remained. Belgium called this figure "exaggerated," replied tartly that insufficient U.N. transport planes had been provided.

Belgian concern over the future of Kamina was understandable. With the dozen or more newly arrived Il-14 transports that the Soviets gave him, Lumumba, if he got control of Kamina, would certainly use it as a beachhead for his much-heralded invasion of Katanga province. To neutralize the base, the U.N. moved in an Irish battalion and barred all flights from Kamina's runways.

Bodies in Bakwanga. Whether Lumumba has the military capability to conquer Katanga is becoming increasingly uncertain. At week's end the Lumumba forces assigned to spearhead the Katanga invasion were bogged down in the neighboring province of Kasai in what seemed to be building into a civil war of serious proportions.

Fortnight ago Lumumba's troops had captured without a shot the town of Bakwanga, capital of a would-be autonomous republic called "Mining State." But when they sought to move out of Ba-

kwanga and "pacify" the rest of Mining State, hundreds of fierce Lumumba-hating Baluba tribesmen attacked through the forest, driving the central-government troops back into town. From sources unknown, the anti-Lumumba forces have acquired automatic weapons and mortars. Reports from Bakwanga at week's end told of streets littered with almost 300 bodies. The few remaining whites were said to have taken refuge behind a thin cordon of Tunisian troops at a nearby country club. From Katanga, 600 hastily recruited Mining State irregulars, accompanied by 30 women to do their cooking, were heading south to join the fighting.

First Victim. Lumumba was also having trouble keeping order inside his own government. He slapped one of the Congo's few educated politicians, Puna Party President Jean Balikango, into jail on charges of making secessionist speeches. But even if by such tactics Lumumba succeeded in making himself a dictator in Léopoldville, he still had a long way to go before he could call himself master of his nation. From the lower Congo came word of mutinies among army units discontented with weeks of no pay or supplies. In the boondocks town of Moerbeke, an armed civilian mob set upon U.N. Moroccan troops. Breaching Hammarjöld's no-gunfire rule, the Moroccans opened fire, killing one Congolese—the first U.N.-caused death in the Congo.

JORDAN

Death in Amman

In the dusty streets of the Jordanian capital of Amman, men, camels and motors jostled one another. On the sidewalk, scribes at low desks wrote out petitions for illiterate Bedouins bound for the Prime Minister's weekly audience for the public. Then, at midmorning, an explosion rained debris on the terrified town.

In his quarters on the second floor of the Foreign Ministry building, jovial Premier Hazza Majali, 44, one of the West's best friends in the Arab world, was killed instantly by a huge bomb that burst in his desk drawer.

At his hilltop palace 15 minutes away, Jordan's young King Hussein got the whispered word by telephone. The doughty little king, at 24, is a veteran survivor of assassination plots, attempted coups, and a four-year feud with Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. At 13, he was standing at his Grandfather Abdullah's side when a Palestinian fanatic shot and killed the old King before a mosque. His first and characteristic impulse last week was to rush straight to the scene. Aides urged him to wait. Even as they argued, a second bomb went off at the Premier's office. Total casualties: eleven dead, 43 wounded.

Collecting the Pay. Not to be denied, Hussein inspected the scene from a hovering helicopter. Then he named his personal Cabinet chief, Bahjat Talhuni, 49, as the new Premier and went on the air to tell his people that Majali and the other dead were "victims of aggression and stabbing in the back." That afternoon crowds applauded and cheered the young King as he rode through Amman. "I have lost an elder brother," he said of Majali—and wept.

Next day Hussein told a press conference that "responsible authorities in the United Arab Republic, mainly in Syria," knew in advance of the plot to assassinate Majali. As long ago as last spring, the Jordanian government accused young Playboy General Ali Abu Nuwar, 38, Hussein's onetime buddy as army chief of staff, of planning Majali's assassination from his exile in Nasser's Damascus. Looking tired and tense, the King said that two minor Jordanian government employees had crossed the border into Syria just before the bombings, and Jordan now demanded that they be sent back. If they were not, he said, Jordan would seek satisfaction in the Arab League or the U.N.

On Vacation. The outrage in Amman brought a quick end to the brief truce that had been established between Hussein and Nasser a week earlier at an Arab League meeting in Lebanon. Jordan police arrested an Amman bookshop owner named Salah el Saifadi, who was said to have confessed that the explosives used to murder Majali had arrived at his bookstore from Syria innocuously labeled "press material." The two fugitive employees had dragged the bombs into the office building in suitcases the night before and set the fuses. One left the country by midnight. The other, said police, coolly collected his monthly paycheck at 8:30 a.m. before departing for what he said was his "vacation."

Once again the Middle Eastern air was filled with angry Arab rhetoric. Radio Amman cried that Damascus is "the den of all conspiracies," and Cairo's Voice of the Arabs countered that "Majali's death is not the end but the beginning. Heads of treason will fall one by one."



HUSSEIN & MAJALI (RELAXING IN DESERT TENT)
A veteran survivor lost a brother.

UPI

IRAN

Reformer in Shako

(See Cover)

At fever pitch, the crowd plunged through Teheran's vaulted bazaar, making its way past brilliant stacks of rugs, past squatting tinsmiths and hanging ranks of newly slain lambs and, at last, down a labyrinthine alley to the home of Ayatollah Mohammed Behbehani, Teheran's most powerful religious leader. In Ayatollah Mohammed's great walled garden, a white-turbaned mullah shouted over a microphone: "All elections must be canceled!" The crowd roared back: "We agree! We agree!" White-robed and heavily bearded, bent by his 90 years, Ayatollah Mohammed shuffled slowly across the garden on the arms of two aides. "Shall we shut down the bazaar?" shouted the crowd. "Wait," answered Ayatollah Mohammed.

In his suburban palace north of Teheran, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, occupant of Iran's jeweled Peacock Throne, listened to the somber reports of his people's wrath. The blatant rigging of Iran's latest parliamentary elections was too much, and the Shah had to act. Scarcely had the roar of the mob in Ayatollah Mohammed's garden died away when the Shah last week accepted the resignation of Premier Manouchehr Eghbal, whose conservative Nationalist Party had just scored an unbelievably lopsided election victory. Three days later, with the crowd still unappeased, the Shah made a more drastic concession. "It seems," he proclaimed, "that the interest of the nation requires the mass resignation of all Deputies in order that new elections may take place." Dutifully, the newly elected members of Iran's 200-man Majlis fell in line, renounced their seats.

Trouble is nothing new in Iran—or for Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. In his 19 years on the throne, Iran's Shah has been shot once, chased into exile once, and has seen his country occupied by foreign powers. But that corrupt elections—which have been standard through Iran's modern history—could produce a popular explosion told of a new sense of power, and new discontent, among the country's swelling city masses. It was also a tribute to the ceaseless campaign of radio abuse Soviet Russia has lately showered on its southern neighbor. Moscow is doing everything it can to topple the Shah.

With its warm-water ports on the Persian Gulf, Iran has been a target of Russian imperialism since the days of Peter the Great. Its attraction for the Communists in the Kremlin is even greater than it ever was for the Czar. The world's fourth largest exporter of oil, Iran, as a member of CENTO (formerly the Baghdad Pact), is an essential link in the defensive tier along Russia's southern border. The U.S. has poured more than \$800 million into Iran since World War II. By bringing Iran under its influence, Russia would knock out the last anti-Communist alliance in the vast area between Western Europe and the Far East, and would

acquire a land bridge to the troubled Arab world. Should the Shah lose his fight for his dynasty and his nation, the Soviets would at last be free to dominate the Middle East.

Straight from Persepolis. The man who stands between the West and such an alarming prospect is one of the few remaining monarchs who is more than merely decorative. At 41, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Shahanshah (King of Kings) of Iran, is undisputed boss of his nation. "His Imperial Majesty is above everything," a Teheran newspaper recently explained to its readers. "Constitutionally, he can appoint or dismiss a Premier as he sees fit. He can also dissolve parliament if he so chooses. He decides on

of armored cars, marched in, and kicked the priest in the stomach.

From the time Mohammed was a toddler, the old Shah paraded him about in gold-encrusted uniforms complete with shako, preaching dreams of dynasty and a rejuvenated Iran. "What is the use of leading a life of shame?" Shah Mohammed says today, recalling his father's struggles. "Our army was composed of a number of woodcutters and egg sellers. Civil servants' salaries were paid in bricks instead of money. Whenever the Ministry of Foreign Affairs wanted to give a banquet, it had to send someone to the bazaar to borrow 100 toman (\$172)."

To prepare young Mohammed for power, Reza Shah relentlessly pushed him into



THE SHAH AT BANQUET FOR ORPHANS
A benevolent autocrat with classic problems.

which projects his country needs, bills that should be presented for passage by the legislature, and on the conduct generally of home and foreign policy."

A trim, broad-shouldered man, the Shah walks with the easy grace of the trained athlete and soldier, shows awareness of his power with every toss of his silvery royal head. Though he is only the second ruler in the Pahlavi dynasty—which dates from 1926—his profile might have been lifted straight from one of the bas-reliefs in the ancient Persian capital of Persepolis that Alexander conquered. If the Shah has little sense of humor and a prevalent cast of melancholy, it is perhaps because his life has been a sobering affair.

Everyone Rises. The Shah's father, known to his subjects as Reza Shah, was an old-style, absolute monarch who rose from noncom to colonel to King, overthrowing Iran's slack-chinned, 130-year-old Qajar dynasty by force of arms. A wiry, hot-tempered martinet, the old Shah set out to manhandle Iran into the modern world, and he did not mind machine-gunning obstreperous peasants to do it. He abolished the veil, and when a Moslem imam criticized the Queen for not wearing one, roared up to the mosque in a convoy

of the "manly sports." In 1931 abruptly packed him off (aboard a Russian cruiser) to La Rosée school in Switzerland. A U.S. schoolmate recalls that the experience was something of a shock all around. Striding into the school lounge, the young prince announced: "When I enter a room, everyone rises." His fellow students merely stared at him in polite amazement. In time, Mohammed won a kind of plebiscite from them by getting himself elected captain of the school soccer team.

Back to Barracks. When Mohammed finally returned home, an attractive, smiling young man smartly clad in European clothes, Reza Shah took one disgusted look and slapped him back in uniform at the local military academy. His smiles gone, Mohammed went back to following Reza Shah to reviews and parades, and in 1939 just as obediently trekked off to Egypt and brought back the bride his father had selected, the pretty Princess Fawzia, sister of King Farouk.

In wartime 1941 Britain and the Soviet Union, seeking a supply bridge, suddenly occupied Iran, dividing it in two. Only then did Mohammed escape his father's shadow. Suspecting the old Shah of German sympathies, the Allies shipped him off to bitter exile in South Africa (where

he died in 1944) and propped 21-year-old Mohammed on the Peacock Throne. When Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin chose Teheran as the site of their 1943 meeting, they did not even bother to let Mohammed know they were coming.

On the Way. The Shah finally got his country back in 1946 and boldly sent troops into Azerbaijan, Iran's northernmost province, to throw out a puppet regime the Soviets had left behind. Three years later, he came within a hair's breadth of death at the hands of a leftist fanatic who opened fire with a pistol as the Shah was handing out diplomas at Teheran University. Three shots drilled the Shah's hat, another creased his lip

last year, after his companions had searched far and wide for someone who met the royal standards, the Shah struck up a third match with 21-year-old Farah Diba, a pert Iranian art student in Paris who, after royal treatment by Dior, Revillon and Carita, easily equaled his first two wives in comely poise. Soon after their marriage, Farah Diba announced that a child was on the way. On the assumption that the baby will be the long-awaited heir, the Shah reportedly has already decided to name him Cyrus—after ancient Persia's Cyrus the Great. The baby is due in late October, and the Shah plans gala celebrations early next year for the 2,500th anniversary of Cyrus' empire.



and right cheek and, as he dived to the ground, a fifth hit him in the left shoulder. Bodyguards riddled the would-be assassin, and the Shah next day grimly returned from the hospital to the throne, declaring: "My will is unrelenting."

He had not only political problems but domestic ones. Though his father sired four daughters and seven sons, the Shah still has no male heir to his throne. In 1948, after she had borne him one daughter, he divorced Egypt's Fawzia and three years later married the handsome half-German, half-Iranian Soraya. Despite Soraya's famed fiery temper, it was with regret that the Shah divorced her in 1958, apparently convinced that she was barren—a charge that makes Soraya angry.

For a time the Shah retired to the company of other women, the glow of fine French champagne and the stimulus of high-stakes poker games with cronies at Saadabad Palace, where he glumly lost a reported 10 million rials (\$130,000). Late

which once stretched from the Indus to the shores of Greece.

Dry Domain. Like his father, the Shah longs to impart grandeur to his dynasty. But he has another objective more realistic and admirable: to convert Iran into a healthy and stable modern nation. It has an awfully long way to go. Still vivid in the Shah's mind is the reaction of Iran's comfort-loving old-line politicians when he first confided his goal to them in 1942. "Sixteen Majlis Deputies," he recalls, "met with me in one of the rooms of this palace to confer about political affairs of the day. I told them that we must establish social justice in this country and added, 'It is not fair that a number of people should be at a loss what to do with their wealth, while a number die of hunger.' Next day they said, 'The Shah has developed revolutionary ideas.'"

In many ways Iran is a brown, unpromising ground for an economic and social revolution, 20th century style. A sprawl-

ing country that would stretch from Spain to Poland and from England to Italy, Iran is mostly arid plateau, where even under maximum irrigation a full 50% of the land would remain near-desert. Iranians all agree that life would be hopeless without the mountains: the Elburz range breaking the frosty blasts from the Russian north, the Zagros range towering over the Iraqi border to the east. On the mountain slopes the inhabitants of Iran's jam-packed cities find their vacation ground, and the migrant tribes their winter herding. More important, the snow-capped peaks send down the trickle of water that keeps the valley towns alive.

Some of Iran's barrenness stems from its history. Ever since the decline of the ancient Persian empire,* it has been a crossroads nation—sacked bloody by Alexander, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. (One of Persia's last forays as conqueror was a 1730 raid on India, when troops pilfered from Delhi the emerald-encrusted throne on which the Shah now sits on ceremonial occasions.) Centuries ago, the average Persian retreated to his ridge-locked valley, where the keeper of the ritual hot baths still gets a cut of the villagers' crops, and where slim youths still build and maintain the tiled-roof *qanats* that tunnel water as far as 40 miles from the nearest mountain well. Even yet, the Iranian economy remains primitive enough that a whole family can make a living off a single walnut tree. In the rug shops of Tabriz, tiny children work at the looms all day for 20¢ or less. And the country's exports remain highly selective: choice caviar from the lightly salted Caspian Sea, sheep intestine for sausage casing, 300 tons of dried rose petals—and 350 million barrels of oil a year.

Reassuring Words. Even the oil—which Britain's Anglo-Persian Co. first began to exploit in 1909—long brought little to Iran but a more flagrant gap between rich and poor.

The man who capitalized on the oil-brought discontent is still widely revered in Iran, Mohammed Mossadeq, a wealthy landowner, started with no coherent platform except blind xenophobia and the understandable conviction that the British payment of four gold shillings a ton, plus a sum equal to about 20% of company dividends, was far too little for the right to exploit Iran's major resource. In 29 swarming months beginning in 1951, Mossadeq parlayed these prejudices into the premiership of Iran. When the Shah tried to curb him, worried both by Mossadeq's street popularity and the fact that his defiant policies threatened to land Iran in bankruptcy, the weepy little Premier turned to the Communist-led city mob and, in effect, replaced his royal master as ruler of Iran.

* The nation changed its name officially in 1935 from Persia to Iran, a variation of the word Aryan, one of its principal peoples. This was done in part to point up the ethnic contrast with its Semitic neighbors. Though Moslem, Iran is not Arab, a fact that has saved it from the Nasser-sponsored troubles that have rocked the rest of the Middle East.

The Shah bided his time until August 1953, then gave his backstairs blessing to a coup against Mossadegh. The first reports to reach the Shah at a Caspian resort were that the coup had failed. At the controls of his own twin-engined Beechcraft D18S, the Shah fled Iran accompanied only by Soraya, the royal gamekeeper and Air Force Colonel Mohammed Khatemi (now commanding general of the Iranian Air Force and husband of the Shah's sister, Princess Fatemeh). Six days later, after holing up in Rome (where Allen Dulles, boss of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, just happened to be vacationing), the Shah realized that the coup was a success and flew home to a tumultuous welcome in Teheran.

Atonement. Perhaps as partial atonement for his flight, the Shah subsequently married his daughter, Princess Shahnaz, to the son of the general who led the coup. As a more permanent atonement, the Shah has tried conscientiously ever since to provide Iran, against uphill odds, with the prerequisites of stability.

It required stout nerves in this young ruler to defy the bluff and threat of his northern neighbor. Sometimes the Shah, envious of the way the great powers wooed the neutralist Nasser, complained that he was not getting enough Western help. In one dangerous foray into the perilous waters of neutralism, the Shah, despite Iran's membership in the Baghdad Pact, made a red-carpet tour of Moscow and later dangled in front of the Kremlin the hint that he might be willing to sign a nonaggression treaty. Last year he abruptly called the whole deal off. Ever since, the Russians have ranked him with West Germany's Konrad Adenauer as a specially loathsome "cold-war criminal." Powerful Persian-language stations in Stalinabad, Baku, Tashkent and Yerevan blast away at him daily. "Such puppets as Mohammed Reza Shah ought to be



Eric Schaal

BOOMING TEHERAN

Only a few years ago, camels and donkeys; now, 100,000 autos.

dumped in the garbage bin. The regime must be overthrown," proclaimed the self-styled "National Voice of Iran" from near Soviet Baku last week. At the infrequent wattle villages along Iran's bleak, mine-infested 1,000-mile frontier with Russia, batteries of Soviet loudspeakers steadily blare out anti-Shah propaganda.

The ceaseless attacks from Moscow—repeated in whispers in every Iranian bazaar—make it all the more imperative for the Shah's reforms to succeed. Heart of his program is a seven-year economic-development scheme called Operation Plan, backed both by U.S. aid and the revenues from Iran's oil—which is now produced and marketed by a four-nation (Britain, U.S., France, The Netherlands),

consortium in partnership with the Iranian government. Virtually the only Iranian government agency bossed by bright young men, Operation Plan will have spent \$1.2 billion by the time it is officially due to wind up in 1962. It has already done much to change the somber face of Iran.

Teheran streets, which only a few years ago were the preserve of donkeys and camels, today are clogged by 100,000 automobiles. On the northern outskirts of the city, show-place villas, some with kidney-shaped swimming pools and lush green lawns as trim as pile carpets, dot the cool foothills of 18,600-ft. Mount Demavend ("Bride of the Gods"). Cement mixers growl at the sites of a new 20-story hotel and the nearly finished 15-story headquarters of the National Iranian Oil Co. Auditoriums, stadiums and university buildings add relieving notes to what was once peripheral wasteland. A jeep assembly plant spews out new models, soon to be shed by an Iranian Goodrich factory.

Nor is growth confined to Teheran, an unhandsome city.² At Azna, near unexploited iron-ore deposits, work is soon to start on that final modern symbol of sovereignty, a \$165 million steel plant to be built by a combine including West Germany's Krupp. In the southern city of Shiraz, where a new hotel is going up, a natural-gas pipeline is burrowing into town to provide cheap fuel both for domestic use and the burgeoning textile industry. Most ambitious project of all is a land-reclamation scheme in southwest Khuzistan province, near the rich oilfields on the Persian Gulf, where a corporation bossed by former TVA Chief David Lil-

² Far more beautiful: the ancient tiled mosque city of Isfahan to the south, which in the 16th century reign of Shah Abbas was a greater city than Elizabethan London.



Eric Schaal

CHILD LABOR IN A TABRIZ RUG FACTORY

In the drive toward the future, hobbles made in the past.

ienthal is building a 620-ft. dam across the Ab-i-Diz River to furnish power and irrigation to 160 villages scattered over 375,000 acres. Lilienthal hopes to restore the arid province to the fertility it enjoyed in the days when, as he is fond of noting, "the horses on the friezes of Persepolis were fattened on Khuzistan grain."

The Shadow of Nuri Said. In making over his country, the Shah has not hesitated to spend his own private fortune as freely as public funds. In the past nine years, he has distributed 350,000 acres of crown land to the peasants who till it, using the low, interest-free payments for the plots to finance seed, fertilizer and machinery costs for the new owners. And this is only the beginning: the Shah's aides have stern orders to cut through red tape and give away within 18 months the rest of the 1,400,000 acres that old Reza Shah so lustily acquired only a generation ago. With the \$6,000,000 annual income of his Pahlavi Foundation, the Shah supports projects ranging from 40 orphanages to the education of Iranian students abroad and winter fuel for needy farmers.

Too much of Iran's money has stuck on hands along the way. Too much more of it has gone into what technicians call infrastructure, the little noticed underpinnings such as roads and education (since 1953, school enrollment in Iran has been boosted from 427,000 to 1,381,000) on which a modern economy is raised. The Shah's admirers, though conceding that this makes economic sense, cannot quite shake off the ominous shadow of Iraq's late Strongman Nuri as-Said, who built the finest infrastructure in the Middle East and lost his head in a bloody revolution. Even the enthusiastic Lilienthal admits that irrigating Khuzistan may take "a generation." The question is whether the Shah can count on his miserable people forbearing that long.

Occupation Complex. History has left some psychological scars on the Shah's 20 million subjects. After centuries of conquest, Iran has a kind of occupation complex, vividly exemplified by a tenet of its Shi'ite sect of Islam, which holds that a man may legitimately disavow his religion in time of danger. "Deep in the Iranian mind," says one Middle East expert, "lies the conviction that nothing ever happens in Iran except by the desire of a foreign power." Many of the middle-class Teheran intellectuals and businessmen who most heatedly denounced the recent election rigging had not even bothered to vote. Scoffed one educated Teherani: "That's for coolies." They also knew it was only a contest between two men outdoing each other in pledged subservience to the Shah. And what hangs most ominously over all Iranian life, too often at court as well as in business life, is the ingrained Iranian tradition of corruption and favoritism, casually explained away by the Persian saying: "Let no man of rank be a tree without fruit."

Despite the Shah's best intentions, a shocking percentage of Iran's economic-development money turns into "fruit"



THE SHAH & BRIDE
Cyrus is awaited.

Birnback

distributed at every level of officialdom. One foreign entrepreneur, after striking a bargain for some surplus airplane parts originally given to the Iranian Air Force by the U.S., resignedly paid off the colonels concerned only to have his loaded trucks held up at the gate by a young captain of the guard who inquired with pointed effect, "Don't you think captains are as good as colonels?" "They aren't even subtle about it," says one prosperous contractor. "We all regard it as merely part of the deal. Frequently, we negotiate to come to terms. But dealing with royalty, for example, remains pretty much of a command performance." Most notable of Iran's royal tycoons: the Shah's twin sister, Princess Ashraf, who has already made two husbands wealthy.

Spontaneously fired with determination to stamp out dishonesty in government, the Shah has fired 4,000 bureaucrats for corruption within a year, not long ago

arrested 150 army officers on the same charge and put several colonels in jail. Corruption is in the air; but it also exists because the hard-working Shah tries to run the government all by himself. His few trusted aides are mostly officers of Iran's 200,000-man army, which he relies on to keep him in power and hence pampered. As a result, generals abound, and every other automobile in Teheran seems to bear the yellow and white plates that denote an army car. Among civilian officials, the Shah depends on retainers like Eghbal, who once told the Majlis: "I am not interested in your criticism and your complaints. You may say whatever you like—I do not care. I do not depend on your votes. The Shahanshah ordered me to serve, and I am his servant."

The Ill-Served Prince. Such faithful service is more apt to be fawning than effective or reliable. Last month, on a visit to the Abadan refineries on the Persian Gulf, Farah Diba demanded to see the living conditions inside one of the worker's homes and, when she had, burst into tears. Solicitously, the official who was guiding her asked "to be allowed" to make a contribution to the families on the block. Ostentatiously, he collected identity cards, jotted down names—and, as Farah Diba drove away, tore up the list and tossed it into the gutter.

The cost of that kind of officialdom could be seen in the recent elections. The Shah originally intended the elections as a way of cleaning out some of parliament's more notorious rascals. He personally approved the slates of candidates of the only two organized parties in the race, and seems to have hoped for a fair fight. But when a few independent candidates launched lively anti-Nationalist campaigns, Premier Eghbal and his cronies panicked.

The resulting fraud was too blatant to be disguised. Cycling rapidly past a polling booth in downtown Teheran, one citizen fell a pouch full of documents that included 40 personal-identity cards to be used in fraudulent voting. When the government ticket in one rural district seemed sure to lose, election officials simply stayed home "ill."

The Perils of Ambition. By some Western diplomats, the Shah is rated as "the most intelligent ruler in the Middle East"—and he showed his sensitivity to his country's mood by his quick reaction last week to the election scandal. But whether he has done enough is less clear. The caretaker Premier he chose to replace the hapless Eghbal, ex-Minister of Mines and Industries Jafar Sharif-Imami, 50, is an honest but uninspiring choice. His Cabinet gave no voice to the independent feeling that ran so high during the elections. More disturbing are the indications that the Shah, in a moment of peril, is veering back toward the dangerous game of trying to pacify the Russians. As one of his first official acts, Sharif-Imami ended the anti-Soviet radio broadcasts with which Iran has countered the Russian diatribes. In response to a planted press-conference question on the possibilities of



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a "new phase" in Soviet-Iranian relations, the Shah pointedly declared that Iran's foreign policy is based on "membership in the United Nations and friendship for all neighbors."

Like all great tasks, the one which Mohammed Reza Pahlavi has set for himself involves great hazards. He has committed himself not just to a holding action for feudalism but to the evolution of a modern state. Sooner or later, the Shah must find trustworthy and independent subordinates to whom he can delegate authority and must create responsible institutions to close the gap between the court and the people. For, as last week's election fiasco showed, Iran can no longer be governed by the simple kingly fiat: "I have given orders. Let them be carried out."

INDIA

Let Somebody Else Do It

When the U.N. General Assembly meets next fortnight, India—for the first time in five years—will not be out front leading the annual fight to admit Red China.

In the Indian Parliament last week, Mrs. Lakshmi Menon, Deputy Minister for External Affairs, explained that though the Nehru government "continues to be of the opinion that China should be properly represented in the U.N.," it "has not taken any initiative in this matter this year." Translation: after Red China's seizure of Tibet and persistent violations of India's northern borders, Peking can just go find some other sponsor.

Eve-Teasing

Independent India is discovering social problems undreamed of in Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy. As the caste system and the traditional Hindu family begin to crumble, the barrier between the sexes in India is no longer the formidable fence it used to be. Last week in Agra—where India's two most famous lovers, the Mogul Emperor Shah Jehan and his queen, lie buried under the Taj Mahal—the Indian Youth Association held a solemn seminar about a new kind of problem: the sidewalk dalliance that Indian youth calls "Eve-teasing."

"The minds of today's young men are a madhouse," wailed Chief Minister Sampurnanand of Uttar Pradesh, one of India's foremost amateur astrologers. No longer, he complained, can "every young woman walk the streets with the confidence that every young man she meets will be as a brother to her." An indignant college professor joined in. "Individually as well as in groups," he complained, his students "discuss the proportions of maidens, their adipose tissues and their coy looks." And the coeds? "Bearing and dress publicly shout at you: 'Come and look at me.'"

50 Screams. Some of the assembled savants were inclined to blame the new looseness on the movies ("That unmitigated evil") and cigarette smoking: "It is a biological fact that habitual smoking stimulates the oral erotic zone and the mind starts wandering." One speaker de-

scribed a survey he had made indicating that 36.9% of India's people suffer from boredom, 49.7% from blighted hopes, 26.7% from emotional depression, 6.4% from sexual frustration, 49.9% from "a polluted and unwholesome atmosphere."

A girl from New Delhi won the biggest cheer of the day with her complaint that "it's not her age, her beauty or her other qualifications" that win a young woman a job, "but just how far she is prepared to accommodate her boss."

But even if her boss doesn't bother her, agreed the assemblage, an Indian girl's modesty in the big city is under constant assault nowadays—if only visually and verbally. "We get 50 screams for help every week from girls whom men

havior. All but lost in the righteous furor was the quietly reasonable voice of one male student. "Tell me," he asked, "is there any country in the world where the boys do not indulge in this game?"

LAOS

Balancing Act

Along with other habits picked up from their former French masters, the men who rule Laos seem to like to make frequent and complex changes of government. Last week, nearly a month after Paratroop Captain Kong Le forcibly overthrew a pro-Western Cabinet (TIME, Aug. 22 *et seq.*), Laos once again had a new government—one so complex that even



COEDS WALKING TO CLASS IN NEW DELHI

"Is there any country where boys do not indulge in this game?"

are trying to pick up," says a Bombay cop. Last week, 17 teen-agers were rounded up in Allahabad for talking to girls in the street, though 14 were merely reprimanded and sent home. In Lucknow, one harried police inspector prefers more direct action: "I just take them to the lockup and thrash them."

Campus Eye-Openers. Inevitably, one pale male at last week's seminar countered with a charge of Adam-teasing. Complaining of the girls' gauzy saris, low-cut cholis (blouses) and flimsy salwar (trousers), a student cried: "There is always too much visible." Conceded a Lucknow University coed: "At times we also tease boys." And for sheer devilish ingenuity, few Eve-teasers could match the New Delhi girl who telephones males at random, starting conversations that are hard for many an innocent husband to explain. If a wife answers, this Adam-teaser hangs up with the shocked cry: "He never told me he was married!"

After all the charges and countercharges had been debated, the seminar wound up earnestly deploring "a loss of respect for women among young men," and calling on students to form "squads to apprehend and check" disrespectful be-

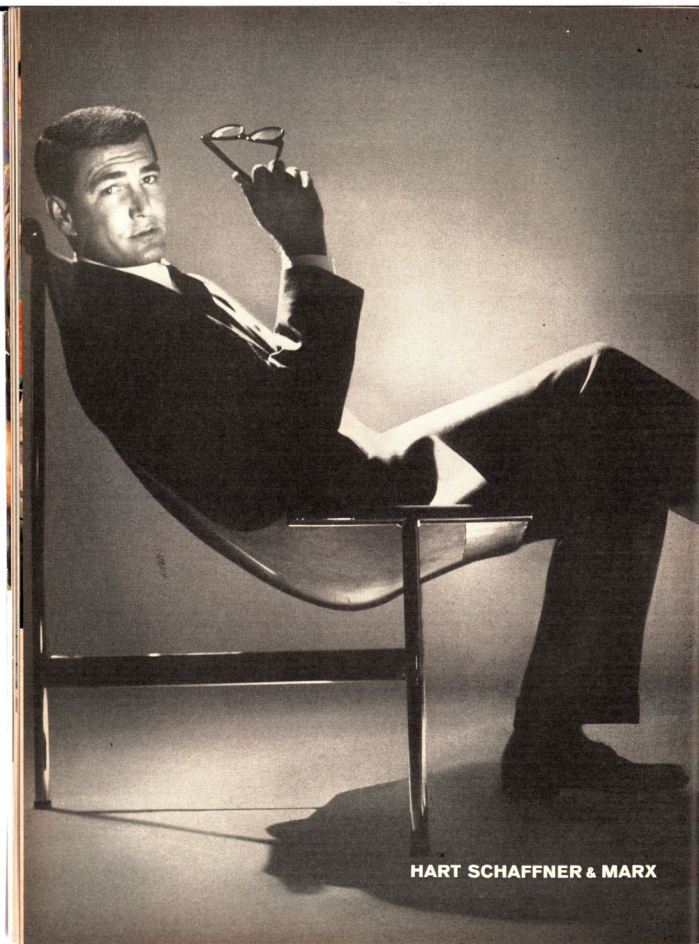
haviors were not sure what its policies were.

To avert a threatened civil war between Kong Le and those who opposed his coup, King Savang Vatthana accepted as his Premier Kong Le's candidate for the job: Neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma. As his part of the bargain, Prince Souvanna turned around and named as his Interior Minister General Phoumi Nosavan, leader of the anti-Kong Le faction. Everybody seemed relatively happy with the arrangement, at least for the moment.

CAMBODIA

The Neutral Harvest

Of all Southeast Asia's neutralists, none has made the art pay better than Cambodia's unpredictable chief of state, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, 37. Since 1953 Sihanouk has extracted \$200 million in aid from the U.S., \$22 million from France, \$23 million from Red China, and perhaps \$12 million from Russia. To keep himself from being compromised, Sihanouk, after each Western gift, generally scampers off to Peking or Moscow for an offsetting Red handout. Last week, in a dazzling



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display of diplomatic virtuosity. Sihanouk unveiled a second rule of aidmanship: always bite the hand that feeds you.

Down from Moscow. To U.S. diplomats, the snap of Sihanouk's teeth is a familiar sound. Outraged because the U.S. refuses to share his conviction that Cambodia is in constant danger of invasion from neighboring Thailand and South Viet Nam, Sihanouk complains that many of the weapons the U.S. has furnished his 28,000-man Cambodian army are "more dangerous for the user than for the enemy." On one occasion last year, he publicly accused Allen Dulles' CIA of conspiring to unseat his regime.

All this must have looked heaven-sent to Moscow. Outside the Cambodian capital of Phnompenh a team of Russian engineers, working with 1,500 coolies, two and a half years ago began to build a 500-bed "Soviet-Khmer Friendship Hospital," matching anything in Moscow itself. Staffed by 18 Russian doctors and medical technicians—Cambodia itself has only a handful of native M.D.s—the new hospital was equipped with ten air-conditioned operating rooms, a cobalt "bomb" for cancer treatment, a hairdressing salon, room telephones, and pale blue potties in the children's wards.

On to Paris. Last week, with the hospital finally finished, a clutch of Russian dignitaries headed by Soviet Health Minister S. V. Kurashov showed up in Phnompenh for the dedication ceremonies. Plainly aware that only a week earlier Sihanouk had jailed 16 top Cambodian Communists for "working in liaison with foreigners," Minister Kurashov tried to play it cool. As a Cambodian army band emphasized its neutrality by alternating U.S. jazz with Russian lullabies, Kurashov brought Nikita Khrushchev's personal assurances that "the Soviet Union never interferes in the internal affairs of other nations. We are your true and trusted friend in your fight against imperialistic intrigues."

When Kurashov had finished, Sihanouk rose with a bland smile to thank the Russians for their generous gift. Then, still smiling, he added pointedly: "Cambodia is prepared to accept aid from any nation. But this does not give the donor the right to meddle in our affairs." Then, ignoring all the fine new hospital facilities before him, Prince Sihanouk set off for Paris—for medical treatment.

SOUTH AFRICA

R for Republiek

Nine months ago Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd ordered a nationwide referendum (whites only) to convert South Africa into a republic. He, like almost everyone else, expected a majority of South African voters on Oct. 5 to endorse his plans to depose Queen Elizabeth II as titular chief of state. But last week, as Verwoerd's Afrikaner-dominated National Party convened in dusty Bloemfontein under the proposed republican flag (with an R for *Republiek* in place of the Union Jack), his chances of win-



Russia's Kurashov with Sihanouk
Woe to all woosers.

ning a solid victory in the referendum were looking much less bright.

The opposition United Party, which speaks primarily for South Africa's 1.3 million English-speaking citizens, was campaigning vigorously against the republic, plastering walls and posts with hundreds of thousands of placards simply inscribed "no." But Verwoerd's main worry is the threat of widespread defections among his own 1.7 million Afrikaners, many of whom showed signs of losing enthusiasm for their long-proclaimed desire to break South Africa's ties with the British crown. In Johannesburg the *Rand Daily Mail's* poll of 100 people named Van der Merwe (the Afrikaner equivalent of Jones or Smith) found only 33 in favor of a republic, 20 opposed and the rest undecided.

Economic troubles have something to do with Afrikaner hesitation. The Sharpeville massacre of 72 South African blacks last March and the international revulsion that followed sent shares on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange plummeting \$1.2 billion as foreign investors withdrew their money. Afrikaner farmers and businessmen are feeling the pinch of the \$23 million in exports that South Africa is expected to lose this year as a result of the boycott of South African goods by Ghana, Malaya, the West Indies and others. And all South African businessmen are haunted by the fear that if Verwoerd proclaims a republic, other Commonwealth members may reject South Africa's request to remain, nonetheless, within the Commonwealth and its preferential tariff system.

To offset these painful economic considerations, Verwoerd last week pulled out some political stops. He called an end to the state of emergency under which South Africans have lived since Sharpeville, re-



Stewardess: Mlle. Constance Tremblay, LaSalle, Quebec

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leased thousands of political prisoners who have been held without charge. To ensure plenty of scary headlines on the eve of the referendum, Sept. 12 was set for the trial of David Pratt, the English-born farmer who shot but only lightly wounded Verwoerd in April. In the back country, Nationalist campaigners are warning voters that there will be ways to tell who voted against the republic. And Verwoerd himself has bluntly stated that he intends to make South Africa a republic no matter what happens at the polls Oct. 5.

EAST GERMANY

Jet Age

Like so many German scientists, Engineer Manfred Gerlach, 35, came out of the wreckage of Hitler's Reich better off than ever. When the Russian armies overran East Germany in 1945, Gerlach was one of a team of Junker jet experts hauled off to Russia to teach tricks of the trade to Russia's aircraft designers. Returned to Communist East Germany in 1954, he was put in charge of a plant to develop engines for the BB-152, the jet airliner that was to be the crowning glory of East Germany's new aircraft industry. The job was full of perks and prestige.

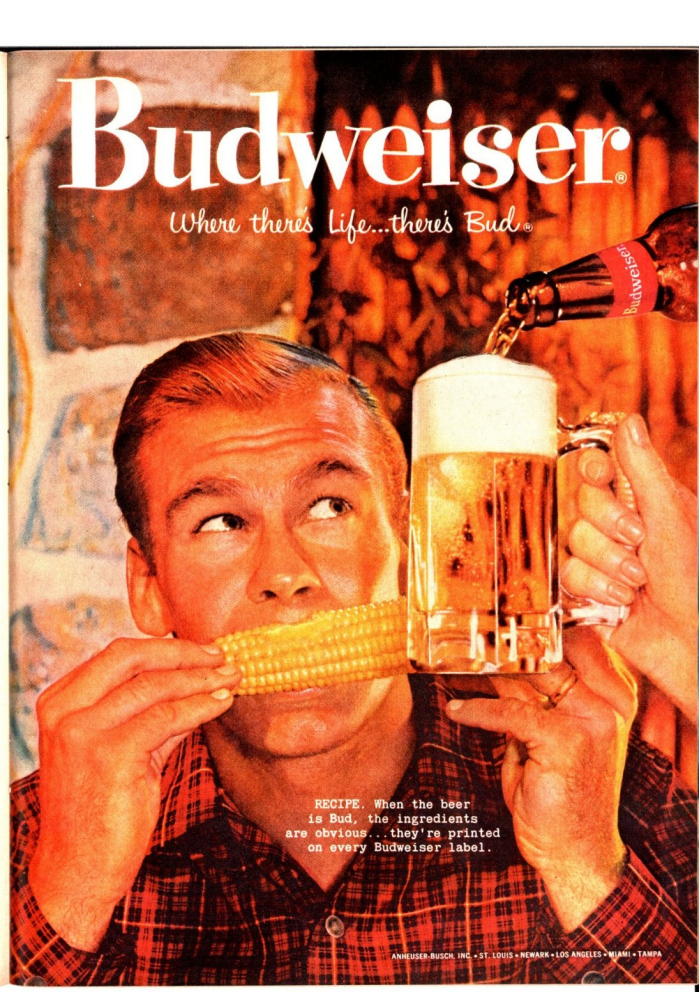
It was a project dear to the heart (such as it is) of East Germany's Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht. Ulbricht poured an estimated \$60 million into a vast complex of plants around Dresden, assigned 20,000 workers to the task. East Germany's Communists tut-tutted at West Germany for buying its airliners abroad, and *Neues Deutschland* boasted that the BB-152—a stubby four-engine turbojet designed to travel 500 m.p.h. and land safely on only 3,300 ft. of runway—would put the East Germans "into the forefront of international commercial aviation."

Unfortunately, Ulbricht & Co. were in too big a hurry to get out front. When Nikita Khrushchev dropped in at the Leipzig Trade Fair in the spring of 1958, a life-sized mock-up of the BB-152 was one of the main attractions. Ulbricht could contain himself no longer. Over the protests of his engineers, who insisted the plane needed significant changes in fuselage and engine design, Ulbricht ordered the first prototype BB-152 into the air. Minutes after it took off, the jetliner crashed into a hillside, killing its four crew members.

Such a failure was no mere disaster: it had to be a crime. Last week, after eleven months in prison, Engineer Manfred Gerlach was brought into a Dresden court and charged with sabotaging development of the BB-152's engines by issuing "false instructions." He had been working for the West German intelligence all along, the prosecution said, and to prove the point brought to the stand his wife and 26-year-old daughter, who dutifully testified that Gerlach had repeatedly declared that "one must damage the state wherever possible." Gerlach was hustled off to life imprisonment. The great BB-152 has yet to get off the ground.

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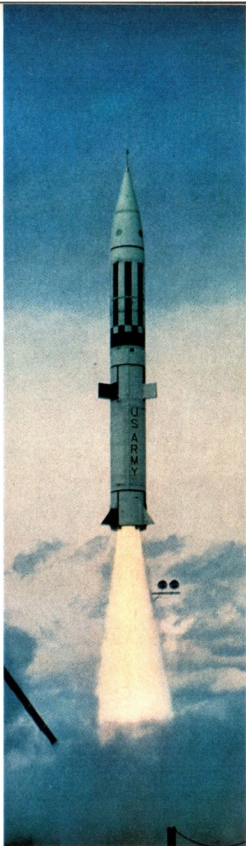
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MARTIN

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Coming to Grips

Seven days after the end of the Organization of American States meeting in Costa Rica, the U.S. this week goes to a hemispheric Committee of 21 development conference in Colombia. It is a logical progression from symptom to cause. The symptom is the wide emotional response in Latin America to the nostrums proposed by Fidel Castro; the cause is the growing despair among Latin Americans over their inability to make the big breakthrough out of poverty and backwardness.

These are the conditions that give Fidel Castro and his vision of a utopia a popular audience all over Latin America:

¶ With 20 million more people than the U.S., the Latin American nations have combined gross national products of only about one-eighth the U.S.'s. Latin American population keeps rising at a fast 2.6% annually, which pushes the per capita share of G.N.P. down—from a fat 4.1% increase in 1957 to a slim .3% in 1959.

¶ Though it produces and exports more goods than ever, Latin America's income from foreign trade is dropping. The prices of what it sells (coffee, farm products, petroleum, minerals) are falling; the prices of what it buys (industrial machinery, tractors, cars) are rising steadily.

¶ Foreign private investment—as lately as five years ago the Latin American area was the No. 1 beneficiary—is falling fast. Capital from U.S. Government sources has also been decreasing. In 1959, the Export-Import Bank of Washington collected far more in repayments and interest from the region than it laid out in new money.

Latin America's Job. The development of Latin America is basically Latin America's job, and the Latin Americans know it. Says Rio's *Correio da Manhã*: "We are far from doing the most possible for ourselves. We flee with horror from fundamental problems." Latin America could:

¶ Raise income taxes and crack down on its flagrant tax-dodging (and in the case of three smaller nations, enact so far neglected personal income-tax laws). Bringing collections up to U.S. standards would produce an extra \$2 billion a year for development.

¶ Stabilize itself politically to encourage investing at home: "flight capital" to the U.S. and Europe in the last ten years comes to \$1.5 billion.

¶ Cut away trade barriers that brake international trade, and incidentally, in the process, mow down parasitic bureaucrats by the thousands.

Yet these measures will not bring prosperity to Latin America, for they are all limited by the fact that the whole money pot, the combined gross national product, is only \$60 billion compared with the

U.S.'s \$505 billion. Neither sufficient taxes nor sufficient investment capital can be sweated out of such a small sum. A big share of the desperately needed roads, schools, houses, hospitals and industrial plant will have to be built with money from abroad.

The U.S. Job. This week the U.S. delegation to Bogotá will offer its first installment on the solution: the \$500 million Eisenhower plan voted by Congress last week. Measured against the need, the sum is small. It is less than the amount lost by Latin America this year because of the adverse terms of trade; it is only twice as much as the capital expected to be taken this year



Walter Bennett
Under Secretary Dillon

The choices: help or indefinite hunger.

from the region for repayment to the Export-Import Bank. Brazil's chief delegate to the Bogotá meeting, Augusto Frederico Schmidt, author of Brazil's Operation Pan American, which asks \$10 billion in 20 years of aid to the region's economy, says that the U.S. proposal is "very kind, very generous," but it is only "a short-term palliative, made on the spur of the moment under the pressure of the Cuban crisis."

The Eisenhower plan is deliberately aimed at producing quick, visible results, such as low-cost housing. It does not tackle the hard, basic job of building an industrial economy that will routinely produce good-paying jobs and good housing. Doing that job, says Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon, U.S. delegation chief at Bogotá, and a thoughtful banker with a refreshing disdain for diplomatic cant, may easily cost \$10 billion.

After years of platitudes about the Good Partner Policy, designed to let the U.S. off cheaply, Washington seemed fi-

nally to be coming to grips with its neighbors' problems. The U.S. choices seem to be only two: give Latin America help, Marshall-Plan style, or see the area hunger perilously and indefinitely.

CUBA

Fidel's Answer

Fidel Castro could have pretended to ignore the anti-Cuban resolution written in Costa Rica by OAS diplomats, because it did not specify Cuba by name. Instead he chose to strike his favorite defiant, heroic pose and staged a whirlwind week of speeches, each more frenzied and more sinister than the last. The climax was a massive demagogic stunt: an invitation to all Cubans (who have no representative government) to take part in a "People's Assembly" in Havana's Civic Plaza, where, in the style of the French revolutionary terror, they could roar approval of proposed new measures.

At noonday all Havana closed down. Supporters were trucked in from the countryside to join *Habaneros* who were given a half-holiday for a "Date with the Fatherland." After the standard delay, during which the crowd of 300,000 sharpened its appetite by shouting "Fidel, give it to the Yankees," Castro arrived. He shouted to the mob, which he called "this free and sovereign assembly," that "no nation of Latin America has dared to have diplomatic relations with the Popular Republic of [Communist] China. The Revolutionary Government wishes to ask the people if it wants to establish relations." The chant rose: "Sí, sí, sí." Said Castro: "We herewith break relations with the puppet regime of Chiang Kai-shek."

Clapping a floppy peasant straw hat on his head, Castro made a pass at the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo, saying that if the U.S. continues trying to "ruin our economy we will demand withdrawal of their forces." But he added that since the "double dealing" State Department was looking for "a pretext to bloody our homeland" his government "will never attack the base." In the wake of Cuba's newest seizures of U.S. property, including the 13-store, \$5,000,000 Minimax supermarket chain and three rubber plants worth \$25 million under way, Castro announced that the remaining U.S. holdings (valued at \$275 million) would be held in reserve for expropriation in case of "future U.S. economic aggression."

For a climax, Castro held up a copy of the 1952 Cuba-U.S. Mutual Defense Treaty. He roared that "by the sovereign will of the Cuban people, this treaty is annulled." Then, while the mob bawled its approval, he tore it up. For good measure he ripped in two a copy of the week-old Costa Rican declaration. From Russia came support. Said Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko: "The Soviet people are enthusiastic about the courageous struggle the Cuban people are waging."



Hess

SALVADOR
The bay of all saints—and of almost all sins.

BRAZIL

Utopian Pauper

Four centuries ago, subequatorial Salvador was the capital of all Brazil and the haughtiest, gaudiest citadel of Portuguese wealth and power in the New World. Since then Salvador's fortunes have ebbed away, until today the capital city (pop. 597,000) of the fabulous State of Bahia, on Brazil's coast just south of the bulge, has about it the aura of a sunset prettifying a corpse. Its baroque façade of gnarled towers, sleepy parks, blue-tiled courtyards and narrow streets hides poverty and decay.

The historic booms of rubber and coffee that enriched other Brazilian states bypassed Bahia. The federal government scandalously neglected it. Now, under Governor Juracy Magalhães, Bahia is setting forth on the hard road back to prosperity.

"Africa's Rome," Amerigo Vespucci, at the head of a Portuguese expedition, first sighted what is now Salvador on Nov. 1, 1501. In honor of the day, the place became São Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos, Holy Saviour of the Bay of All Saints—"and of almost all sins," adds Brazilian Sociologist Gilberto Freyre, speaking of the modern city. The biggest share of early immigrants, however, were not Portuguese but African slaves. Now 86% of the 6,000,000 people in Bahia are Negroes, and their influence runs deep. French Novelist Paul Morand called Salvador "Africa's Rome."

The viceroy of Roman Catholicism in Bahia is not much thicker than the gilt on the strikingly beautiful altars of Salvador's many churches. African spirits are called by Catholic names (Ogun, god of warriors, is dubbed St. Anthony; Oxóssi, god of hunters, is St. George). At the University of Bahia's Afro-Oriental center, Bahians by the scores study Bantu and Yoruba, two of the major tongues of West Africa.

The state is 68% illiterate. Disease is widespread, and outside the city of Salvador there are only 245 doctors. The aver-

age weekly income for Bahians is \$1.25, one of the lowest wages in the world. Gambling and prostitution proliferate. Yet Bahia is perhaps the most exotic part of Brazil. Salvador is still a baroque jewel box and a magnet for tourists. The huge hinterlands, though lacerated by the extremes of drought and flood, raise cattle and sheep, grow sisal and vegetable oils in abundance. A zone near the south Bahia coast grows 97% of Brazil's cacao. Bahia produces all of Brazil's petroleum—but the total of Brazil's production is a trifle by world standards.

A Plague of Problems. When Governor Magalhães took over 17 months ago, he quickly singled out specific problems:

☐ Bahia's big exports of cacao bring much foreign exchange to Brazil (\$120 million last year), but after the money is converted to cruzeiros at discriminatory rates in Rio's Bank of Brazil, only a little of it ever gets back to Bahia.

☐ Petrobrás, the government oil monopoly, pays Bahia only 4% royalties on the value of production at an artificially low rate (compared to 50% of profits paid by U.S. oil companies in foreign lands).

☐ Bahia's rich lodes of lead, chrome, iron and gold lie unmined for the most part. Natural gas is undeveloped.

☐ Roads and other federal public works are badly neglected, lately because President Juscelino Kubitschek has preferred to spend money on Brasília, the new capital of Brazil.

Skyscrapers Going Up. Governor Magalhães has run Bahia before, as one of the tough lieutenants of the late Getúlio Vargas after Vargas took dictatorial control of Brazil in the 1930 revolution. Now the 55-year-old former revolutionary likes to explain that he puts his faith in his rosary rather than in the two pistols he used to pack.

He still moves fast. He has cut the state payroll, diminished nepotism, enforced fair payment of taxes, paved highways. He has opened fish and chicken hatcheries, fattened cattle herds through inoculation, distributed 2,300,000 rubber seedlings this

year alone. Magalhães is starting a \$400 million four-year-plan for economic development. The Governor also got Petrobrás to appoint a Bahian director and to negotiate an increase in the royalty rates.

In Salvador a dozen skyscrapers are under construction. Two new hotels will soon join the Hotel da Bahia to catch the swelling tourist trade, and the modernistic, 2,000-seat Castro Alves Theater has been rebuilt after its destruction by fire two years ago. The University of Bahia, which last week inaugurated a new, glass-walled Polytechnic School, has fired an artistic rebirth with new schools of sacred art, Afro-Asian studies and theater. Argentine Artist Carybé, who painted the mural in American Airlines' Idlewild terminal (TIME, Aug. 15), has settled in Salvador; Genaro de Carvalho, a leading maker of modern tapestries, lives there. Keeping abreast of the trend, the Catholic Church is pushing completion of its university, with colleges in law, medicine and philosophy already functioning.

Presidential Promises. Magalhães is determined to correct the federal government's neglect of the state. "We have reached the utmost limits of human distress," Magalhães says bitterly. The São Paulo newspaper *O Estado* agrees with him: "The nation has bled Bahia."

Last month Magalhães turned up at Rio's Laranjeiras Palace and sat down to lunch with President Kubitschek. By dessert, the President had vowed to make good on his promise to pave the highway linking Bahia with Rio, 750 miles to the south, and last week the government let 24 contracts for the \$38 million job. Kubitschek also promised to find \$3,500,000 to complete one of Magalhães' cherished projects: long-deferred completion of the 20,000-kw. power dam on the Rio das Contas, which would feed electricity to the southern part of the state (134 of Bahia's 104 counties have no electric power). "We want Bahia always to stay beautiful," says Governor Magalhães. "We also want people to eat, and children to read and write."



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PEOPLE

Departing Sydney for Calcutta, Sir **Edmund Hillary**, New Zealand's cliff-hanger extraordinary, labeled his upcoming nine-month expedition "the most important of its kind ever to go to the Himalayas." Its prime purpose: to conduct physiological tests atop the world's fifth-highest peak, Mount Makalu, which the party of 18 hopes to mount without oxygen tanks. But getting most of the headlines so far was an expedition sideline: Hillary's quest for the Abominable Snowman. Although he suspects that the abomination is just a snow job, Hillary is toting a special, hypodermic-firing blunderbuss with a 50-yd. kayo range to make sure that he is ready for *yeti*.

Into a new career—or at least so he hoped—went pixy Pugilist **Archie Moore**. In San Diego, Calif., Democrat Moore announced his candidacy for the State Assembly in November's election. Although sometimes chary about defending his light-heavyweight boxing championship, Archie promised if elected he "will be a fighting assemblyman."

Despite offers of up to \$1,000,000, General **George C. Marshall** steadfastly refused to publish his memoirs during his lifetime. But he did leave 500,000 personal papers and more than 50 hours of recorded interviews to a research foundation headed by General of the Army Omar N. Bradley. Last week Bradley announced that the first of three volumes of an authorized biography of Marshall, written by ex-Army Historian Forrest C. Pogue, will be published in 1963. Royalties will help establish a Marshall Library at his alma mater, the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington.

Two classic comics arrived ashore safely last week under different circumstances. While **Harold Lloyd**, 66, disembarked from the *United States*—natty



THE HAROLD LLOYDS & GRANDDAUGHTER
One dry wit.

and refreshed—after a four-month European junket with the family. **Bert Wheeler**, 65, had to be fished—saturated and exhausted—from Long Island Sound 40 minutes after his boat capsized.

During the past months, **Adlai Stevenson** has caught **Mort Sahl's** act more than a dozen times in Chicago, and the two have become fast-tongued friends. Last week, Sahl recalled a recent visit to the gentleman farmer's diggings at Libertyville. "He doesn't stand on ceremony or have any protocol, and yet the dignity is indigenous. Only trouble is he's so charming he usually steals your girl."

Replying to reports that she is on chilly terms with her imperial sister-in-law, ex-Princess **Suga**, an emperor's daughter who six months ago married a bank clerk,



MICHIKO & SUGA
Two friendly princesses.

insisted that she has never felt closer to Crown Princess **Michiko**, a mill owner's daughter who married the heir to an empire. Suga, who is delighted with the freedom she has found outside the palace as plain Mrs. Hisanaga Shimazu, sympathizes with Michiko in her struggle to observe palace protocol, feels that Michiko is "working too hard" in her efforts to live up to her role. Suga advises Michiko to "relax," helps her in her many tasks. Most recently, Suga has been buzzing all over Tokyo in her Datsun Bluebird, a Japanese compact, to shop for Michiko's forthcoming U.S. trip. One of last week's purchases: a pair of shoes.

Now on a European concert tour that will last until Christmas, America's missing lynx, **Eartha Kitt**, swung into Eng-



EARTHA KITT & SPOUSE
Four in a family.

land last week with Husband **Bill McDonald**. While her real-estate-dealing spouse of three months shuffled his feet, Eartha announced that she was looking forward to eventually having a larger family. "A boy and a girl would be fine. I think children are the major concern of an interracial marriage, but if you bring them up correctly, they will learn to live with the rest of the world."

After many a summer came the swan song of Wyoming's Democratic Senator **Joseph C. O'Mahoney**, 75. Retiring after 25 years in the Senate, conscientious Joe O'Mahoney, who suffered a stroke last year, came onto the floor in a wheelchair to introduce a bill regulating insurance rates. Speaking at the length that had earned him the title of "the most deliberative member of the world's most deliberative body," O'Mahoney referred only once to his leave-taking: "I regret that I shall not be a member of the Senate next year when this work will be done."

Since the end of her 50-year reign as Queen of The Netherlands in 1948, the birthday of **Wilhelmina** has no longer been celebrated as a national holiday. But as she reached 80, a burst of nostalgia swept through the flag-bedecked land. Begged an Amsterdam newspaper: "Give us back that Aug. 31st. Let us always celebrate the Queen's birthday on that day." Strong-willed as ever, Wilhelmina insisted on a simple family gathering, and her daughter made a radio request for privacy. Said **Queen Juliana** (whose own April birthday has never quite assumed the same significance): "When mother does something, she wants to do it wholeheartedly. . . . She holds the view that her time is gone, her time is past. . . . This is the freedom of her last days."



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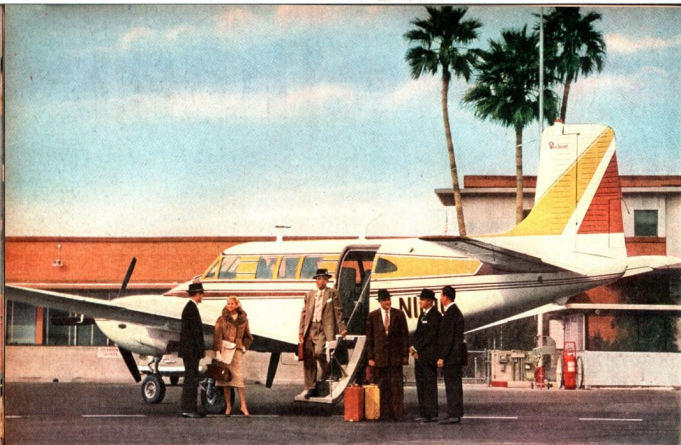
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SPORT

The Olympics

It was a week of fantastic emotional ups and downs. Favorites fell by the dozen. Unknowns won fame. Under the tension, tempers rose: a Japanese official accused a Bulgarian wrestler of throwing a match to a Russian, who thereby beat out a Yugoslav for a gold medal; on British complaints, 15 boxing referees and judges were fired for incompetence; some U.S. officials and athletes wailed with alarm at early defeats. But not even the acrimony could obscure the brilliance of the athletes themselves in Rome.

At week's end, as expected, the big squads of Russia and the U.S. stood one-two in the unofficial team standings in the 1960 Olympic Games. Top moments of the Olympics' second week:

¶ In the high jump, the U.S. thought it had its surest gold medal candidate: Boston University's lithe John Thomas, 19, holder of the world record at 7 ft. 3 1/4 in. Confident as ever, Thomas seemed reluctant even to take off his sweat suit for early jumps. When the competition began in earnest, Thomas seemed safe enough. The best man of the challenging trio of Russians had never gone over 7 ft. 4 in. But as the bar rose steadily, Thomas began to peer nervously at the Russians. All four cleared 7 ft. 4 in. Then Robert Shavlakadze and Valery Brumel made it over 7 ft. 1 in. to break the Olympic record by 2 in. Twice Thomas missed. The stadium lights were on when he began his third try. His form was as smooth as ever, his right leg kicked for the sky—and he seemed to be over. Then his trailing left leg swept the bar down, and the U.S. suffered its most astonishing defeat at the Rome Olympics. The even-



RUSSIAN HIGH JUMPER SHAVLAKADZE
A champion humiliated.

Associated Press

tual winner at 7 ft. 1 in. was Shavlakadze (because of fewer misses in all jumps than Brumel). Said Thomas: "I don't have any alibis—I was beaten fair and square."

¶ In the private U.S. preserve of the shot put, the first man that Army Lieut. Bill Nieder, 26, had to beat was himself. Though he held the world record (65 ft. 10 in.), Nieder had often been erratic under pressure, had flopped badly at the Olympic trials and made the team only when Qualifier Dave Davis hurt his wrist. California's Parry O'Brien, 28, two-time Olympic champion, delighted in calling Nieder "a cow pasture thrower" given to choking in the big events. But after hitting 67 ft. 1 in. in practice, Nieder was the picture of confidence as he strode into the arena wearing a jaunty yellow straw hat bought especially to rattle his rivals: "I decided to do a little 'psyching' of my own." Rocketing across the ring, Nieder got off a put of 64 ft. 6 1/2 in. to break O'Brien's Olympic record by 3 ft. 7 1/2 in. Puffing mightily, O'Brien finished second with 62 ft. 8 1/2 in., a bare 4 in. ahead of Arizona's 20-year-old Dallas Long. O'Brien tarried only long enough to give Nieder a handclasp and the thin sliver of a smile, then retreated to the stands where he admitted candidly: "School's out, Parry choked."

¶ In swimming, the U.S. had a marvelous week. Three days after she had finished second to Australia's Dawn Fraser in the 100 meters, California's blonde Chris von Saltza, 16, left her rival floundering back in fifth place as she won the 400 meters in 4:50.6 to smash the Olympic record by three full seconds. Anchorman Jeff Farrell, 23, kept out of the 100-meters freestyle by a July appendicitis attack, boiled through the water to bring home world records in the 400-meter medley relay (4:05.4) and 800-meter freestyle relay (8:10.2). Bobbing like a porpoise, Indiana's Mike Troy, 19, windmilled through the grueling 200-meter butterfly in 2:12.8 to break his world record by .4 sec. In two major races, Australia's Murray Rose won the 400-meters and Teammate John Konrads swam off with

the 1,500-meters. But when all the events were done, the U.S. men and women had routed the strong Australians by the margin of nine gold medals to five, cracked nine Olympic and six world records. "Our trackmen came here to beat their opponents," said one U.S. official. "Our swimmers came here to eat them alive."

¶ In the broad jump, Mississippi's Ralph Boston, 21, complained about his form ("I still can't get my feet together"), but soared 26 ft. 7 1/2 in. to break by 2 1/2 in. the Olympic record Jesse Owens set in 1936. Fighting for second place, Army Lieut. Bo Roberson, 25, a former Cornell halfback, was trailing Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan when he got off the greatest jump of his life on his last try to hit 26 ft. 7 1/2 in. for a silver medal. Watching his



Jerry Cooke—Sports Illustrated
U.S. SHOTPUTTER NIEDER
An old foe routed.



Associated Press
U.S. BROAD JUMPER BOSTON
An old friend lost.

Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Press Picks a Peck. A syndicate of Singapore merchants pulled one of the classic maneuvers of speculative finance last winter, when it cornered all the pepper in the world. Prices more than doubled, and the group had taken profits



of over \$4,000,000 when *Business Week* broke with the details. The Associated Press put our article on the wire, and headline writers had a ball. "Pepper Packers Profiting," said Shawnee (Okla.) *News-Star*. Hagerstown (Md.) *Herald* retaliated with, "Pepper Prices Pinch Purses." Binghamton (N.Y.) *Sun* and Lubbock (Tex.) *Avalanche* agreed on, "Pepper Price Not To Be Sneezed At." Several papers spoke of the "Clever Chinese." The pepper story isn't exactly typical, but *Business Week* is probably the most widely-quoted business magazine. We average 600 clippings a month from one clipping service alone—about a quarter of the total quotes.



Our health. The amount of advertising a magazine carries is not the only measure of its vigor, but it's the kind of muscle a stockholder loves to touch. The Publishers Information Bureau says that, so far this year, advertisers have placed more pages in *Business Week* than in any other general, general-business, or news magazine. Stockholders, please note,

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record broken by the two Americans, Owens cracked: "Well, there goes another old friend."

¶ In the women's 100 meters, Tennessee's willowy Wilma Rudolph, 20, tied the Olympic and world record of 11.3 in early heats, then zoomed away from the field in the finals to finish in 11 sec. flat (a time invalidated for a world record by a tail wind). First U.S. girl to win the event since 1936, Wilma made another conquest in Rome: she wandered about Olympic Village hand-in-hand with U.S. Sprinter Ray Norton, who was having his troubles on the track.

¶ In the eight-man rowing final a fast-stroking German crew, using revolutionary, shovel-shaped oars, defeated Canada by three-quarters of a length, left the U.S. Naval Academy's rowers adrift in fifth place. For the U.S. the loss was the first in the event since 1912.

¶ In the hammer throw, California's mighty Hal Connolly, 29, stunned the crowd by failing in the qualifying rounds with a weak toss of 208 ft. 7 1/2 in., which fell 22 ft. 14 in. short of his world record. Proof of the caliber of competition at Rome: Connolly's losing throw was still a foot better than the Olympic record he set in 1956. Winner of the event was Russia's Vasily Rudenkov at 220 ft. 1 1/2 in.

¶ In the men's 200 meters, a lanky Italian chemistry student named Livio Beut-21, rocked U.S. prestige by tying the world record of 20.5 sec. and finishing a stride in front of Ohio's Les Carney, whose time of 20.6 tied the 1956 Olympic record. The U.S. had not lost the event since 1928. After plodding home dead-last in sixth place, California's Ray Norton admitted that the pressure in Rome was just too much for him: "Nothing is wrong with me physically. I'm just tied up like a knot inside."

"Hary! Hary! Hary!"

"If you can get a step on a man in the 100 meters," says U.S. Sprinter Ray Norton, "you can just look over your shoulder at him and let him do his best. He'll never catch you." Last week a Frankfurt sales clerk named Armin Hary, 23, got a step on the world's fastest sprinters, including Norton himself, and ran off with the 100-meters gold medal for one of the biggest upsets of the Olympics.

Hary's performance caught the U.S. completely off guard. For one thing, the U.S., which had not lost the 100 meters since 1928, seemed as strong as ever, with a trio headed by Ray Norton. For another, Hary had always been regarded with some suspicion. Rivals had long claimed that tolerant European starters let him beat the gun. When Hary knocked .1 sec. off the world record this summer with a time of 10 sec. flat, skeptical U.S. and European coaches alike freely predicted that he would certainly be run into the ground in Rome.

They figured without Hary's fierce pride. Son of a Saarland coal miner who was a German wrestling champion, Hary began serious training at the age of 14. By 1958 Hary was the European cham-



GERMAN SPRINTER HARY
"Look over your shoulder."

pion, but he had won few personal admirers along the way. Says West German Track Boss Dr. Max Danz: "He was a little urchin, a tough kid and a little loud-mouth." Hary cockily dispensed with a coach: "I've been raised to stand on my own two feet and can take my fate into my own hands." In time, Hary's starting reflexes came to have as delicate a hair trigger as his temper. "Hary is capable of anything," said a German track official last month, "provided he doesn't lose control over himself. He's the flightiest athlete on the German team."

To calm down for the Olympics, Hary spent hours prowling the countryside, slept late and loafed through practice drills. But when he arrived in Rome, Hary was his old, unmelodious self. The great Jesse Owens, star of the 1936 Olympics, wanted to meet him. Snapped Hary: "I'm sorry. I haven't the time to fool with him."

When the competition began, Hary showed up carrying a knapsack loaded with his gear, pointedly ignored his rivals clustered on a bench. Then he set to work. He lowered the Olympic record by .1 sec., to 10.2, in an early heat, won the semifinals in 10.3. In the finals, after making two false starts with the rest of the field, Hary poised on his blocks as steady as a carrier plane braced on its catapult. The six men came off the mark together, but within two strides Hary had accelerated to a half-meter lead. By the 50-meter mark, Hary opened up a two-meter gap as German fans chanted: "Hary! Hary! Hary!"

At the finish, Duke's Dave Sime, 24, made a frenzied dive that sent him skidding along the cinders and tied Hary's time of 10.2. But Hary had clearly crossed the line first to win the gold medal (Norton finished sixth), completing the finest exhibition of sprinting in Olympic history. Said Champion Hary: "I'm a fast starter. That's all there is to it."



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MEDICINE

Staph Killer

Too sick even to cry, the tiny, four-week-old infant lay limply on its bed in a British hospital. Tests of blood and pus samples, drawn from an inflamed abscess on the child's right hip, produced a chilling diagnosis: *Staphylococcus aureus*, of the dreaded "hospital type,"⁹ which is resistant to penicillin and most antibiotics. With little hope of success, physicians administered massive doses of penicillin and streptomycin. Neither worked, and the child hovered near death. Finally, doctors tried an experimental drug, one so new that it still had no name, bore only a laboratory code number: BRL 1241. The dramatic result: after five days of treatment with BRL 1241, virulent staph germs had disappeared from the infant's blood and urine, and in 20 days all signs of active infection had subsided. The child was well, hungry and squalling.

By last week, BRL 1241 had acquired two trade names (one each for Britain and the U.S.)—Celbenin and Staphcillin—and was ready for market. A synthesized, chemically produced penicillin, developed mainly under the direction of four British doctors, all under 40, the new drug promises to become a potent weapon in the frustrating fight against staphylococcal infections. In U.S. clinical tests, Staphcillin proved effective against penicillin-resistant staph strains in nearly nine out of ten cases. And its successful commercial synthesis offered hope of another break-through: development of nontoxic penicillins that can be administered with safety to allergic patients.

Emotional Pile-Up

Can a single traumatic experience trigger mental illness? Does every person have an emotional breaking point? No, said Cornell University Sociologist Thomas S. Langner last week, reporting on an eight-year study of 1,660 midtown Manhattan residents. Concluded Langner: "Events in the life history seem to pile up, but there is no one event which automatically spells mental disaster. The principle governing the relationship of environmental stress factors to mental health seems to be 'the more, the unmerrier.'"

The survey also revealed a higher susceptibility to serious mental illness among poorer people. A man with a high income tends toward neurosis (about two out of five, said Langner, are "probable neurotics"); his low-income counterpart often reacts psychotically when exposed to similar emotional stresses. Added Langner: "The high-status neurotic worries about his job, but he usually keeps it. The low-status, psychosis-prone fellow becomes suspicious and displays his antagonisms, but he never worries about his job."

⁹ Not to be confused with a penicillin-sensitive strain of *Staphylococcus aureus* (Phase Type 53-77) that caused an infection in Vice President Nixon's left knee (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

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4



Paul Calle

In this painting, famous illustrator Paul Calle uses the familiar phenomenon of visual distortion to illustrate the broad, new concept of "noise" . . . and to symbolize its importance in communications and electronics.

SIGNALS & NOISE

- The ingredients of every communication of any kind
- Where one exists—conveying a message, there also is the other—contaminating it

A researcher sends up a telescope in a balloon—to get it beyond atmospheric turbulence. Another photographs the sun through a colored filter—to bring out surface features. A lineman installs a device that will cancel out stray voltages in a telephone circuit. A pilot repeatedly radios his position—so the message won't be garbled by static.

Each of these four people is solving the same problem in COMMUNICATIONS—the separation of SIGNALS from NOISE.

As you suspect, these words are being used with broader-than-usual connotations. A *communication*, thus, is anything which conveys a message . . . from one man to another . . . from a visible subject to a photographic plate . . . from one part of a machine to another . . . from any source to any receiver. *Signals* are those portions of a communication which originate at the source. *Noise* is that portion which *intrudes into the communication enroute to the receiver*. Signals and noise are *always* intimately mixed in every message—though in varying proportions. Both are carriers of INFORMATION—relevant information, on the one hand . . . spurious, on the other.

The subject is an important one because every day more communicating is being done than the day before. New ways of dealing with noise must constantly be devised.

The examples given in the first paragraph illustrate four basic techniques:

1) REMOVAL. The noise source is physically separated from the communication CHANNEL. In our example, the path of

light from star to telescope is the channel . . . the lower atmosphere, the noise source . . . the balloon, the instrument for separating the two.

2) FILTERING. When noise is most intense in one part of a channel, and sufficient information can be carried in another, the noisy segment is eliminated. In the example: the photographic filter cuts out the wave lengths of most of the sun's background radiation—which normally prevents surface features from being seen directly.

3) FEEDBACK. Ingenious devices have been developed for special situations, such as control of noise at telephone relay locations. These mechanisms recognize a spurious input and feed an identical input back into the circuit in such a way that the two cancel each other out.

4) REDUNDANCY. More signals are sent than are ideally required to complete a message. Thus, after noise has degraded some signals, the balance will be sufficient for accurate reconstruction.



A promising approach to noise elimination has been developed under the name of PULSE CODE MODULATION. Briefly, this depends on the translation of varying signals into a code consisting only of discrete pulses. These pulses can be distorted by noise, but not entirely obliterated—nor counterfeited. At the receiver, the pulse shapes are reconstructed and decoded—yielding the original wave form.

Technicians in every branch of science and industry have been coming up against some aspect of the noise problem for many years . . . and seeking independent solutions. However, our understanding of the subject has now grown to the point where we can work with common, basic concepts. The advances being prepared today will have far broader uses in communications, measurement and control than were thought possible just ten years ago.

Advanced new devices like this DAYSTROM unit implement the Pulse Code Modulation system outlined above. The unit is called ADIT, short for "Analog-Digital Integrating Translator." It's an all-electronic instrument of remarkable precision and capability. DAYSTROM engineers, working with problems of "noise" in many areas of science and industry, are becoming more and more intimately involved—and experienced—in the exciting new fields of Communications.



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MUSIC

Music Man's Lady

At a high point in *The Music Man* at Broadway's Majestic Theater, the melody of *Till There Was You* climbs and blazes in a crescendo of awakening love between Bert Parks and his shy sweetheart. The baton in the orchestra pit below is not wielded by the usual bald male conductor, but by a very pretty young lady who might have just defected from the chorus onstage. With striking Titian-red hair,



CONDUCTOR REDFIELD

Who wants to watch the show?

plus face and figure to match, Liza Redfield has the looks for anything except what she is: Broadway's first fulltime woman conductor.

Liza's feminine victory sets quite a precedent for U.S. musical theater. Women of the class and quality of France's austere Nadia Boulanger have guest-conducted the Boston Symphony and other orchestras; in a less memorable tradition there have always been all-girl dance bands. But conducting Broadway musicals has always been a man's job. Producers argue that women cannot command a male theater orchestra in day-in, day-out performances. Besides, if the girl conductor is good-looking, who wants to watch the show? Liza Redfield finally broke the monopoly by insisting that "music is neither masculine nor feminine. You don't have to be one of the boys to be a good conductor." For four years, she rapped steadily at Broadway's door until *Music Man*'s Co-Producers Herb Greene, who also doubled as the show's original conductor, and Kermit Bloomgarden gave way.

Daughter of a Philadelphia textile worker, Liza started out as a piano prodigy, had her first public concert at the age of

eight. One day five years ago, some friends asked her to play at a recording session for a short-lived musical called *The Amazing Adele*. "There was a 14-piece orchestra and no one to conduct it. I suddenly found myself playing the piano and conducting the orchestra, and I loved it." For the next year she studied under Vladimir Brailowsky, then made the rounds of the summer tent musicals, absorbing both the inevitable gags ("Gee," cracked one cigar-puffing cellist, "you're the first longhair I ever enjoyed working for") and the experience. In three years she handled 20 scores, from *Me and Juliet* to *The King and I*.

Last year she went off-Broadway to conduct a pair of musicals, and finally got her break two months ago when Conductor-Producer Greene decided to step down from *Music Man*'s podium. So far, not a peep of complaint has been heard from her 24-piece orchestra. "You know," said one musician, "this is the first time I ever watched a conductor."

Clock Watchers

The evenings can grow long at Germany's Wagner Festival in Bayreuth, and many an operagoer has cast a furtive glance at his watch as the Teutonic roll and tumble thundered on. Furtive watch watchers may not know that backstage, opera-house technicians have been keeping their own Teutonically thorough stop watch record of Festival performances since 1876. How the tradition started, or why, no one can remember. But now a former Bayreuth technician has leaked some of the results, affording opera lovers some interesting sidelights on the old question of conductors' tempos and tempers. Items:

Das Rheingold: Conductor Heinz Tietjen's fast time of two hours and 17 minutes set in 1934 has never been beaten. Slowest time for the distance: two hours and 42 minutes in 1951 by Hans Knappertsbusch, long regarded, but unclocked, as a relatively "slow" conductor.

Die Walküre: Tietjen and Knappertsbusch ended in a dead heat for the speed record for the first act. Time: one hour, five minutes. In the third act, Knappertsbusch displayed a strong kick at the finish, beating Tietjen by one minute.

Parsifal: Toscanini's swift handling contributed to his reputation as a fast conductor. His early record of two hours and six minutes for the first act, set in 1931, was finally broken in 1953 by Clemens Krauss, who raced to the finish in an astounding one hour and 30 minutes.

Die Meistersinger: The third act has served as a classic test for conducting speed, and no one has ever matched the spectacular time of one hour and 54 minutes registered by Fritz Busch in 1924.

Everybody concedes that Wagner dragged out can get unbearable, but even the clock watchers themselves do not agree on the important question: Is fastest best?

Change of Hat

Austrian Conductor Herbert von Karajan, 52, Europe's No. 1 man of many musical hats—and almost as many moods—is noted for having walked out on some of the best jobs in opera and symphony on the Continent. Last week he did it again. The post of artistic director of the famed Salzburg Festival was specially created for him four years ago, and he called it the achievement of a lifelong ambition. But Von Karajan has now refused to renew his contract.

As usual, rumors flew as fast as bow strokes in the *William Tell* overture: Von Karajan had quit over the mixed public reception to the new Salzburg Festspielhaus, whose massive design was considered by some inimical to the intimacy of Mozart operas (TIME, Aug. 8); or he had been forced out because he scanted Mozart during his tenure in favor of Richard Strauss and various modern composers. A more likely explanation was that he was just restless again.

After all, he has his other jobs to think about, too, such as his role as artistic director of the Vienna State Opera. Then there is the Vienna Philharmonic (conductor: Herbert von Karajan), which he plans to take on a three-week tour through



CONDUCTOR VON KARAJAN
Where to? Everywhere.

Germany, Italy and Switzerland this fall. He is also scheduled to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic in six concerts in its home city and then take it on tour to London for a Beethoven cycle. December calls for a production of *Fidelio* at La Scala. And since he is now free of Salzburg, Edinburgh may seek his services for its music festival next year. Finally, there are reports that Von Karajan has privately expressed his ambition to conduct the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House in New York in 1963.

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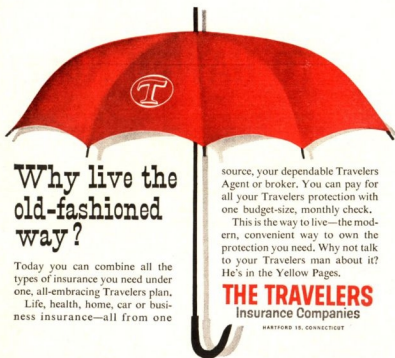
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TIME, SEPTEMBER 12, 1960



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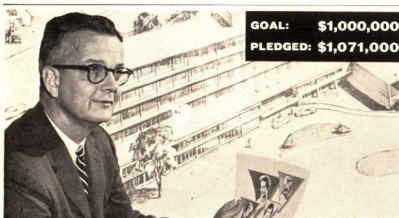
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Bernhard Paumgartner, still hopes that Von Karajan will come back. But other Salzburgers express their feelings in a joke now making the rounds. Von Karajan jumps into a cab in front of the new Festspielhaus and tells the driver, "Hurry, hurry!" "Where to?" the driver inquires. Von Karajan answers: "It doesn't matter. Have things to do everywhere."

Shinu, Shinu, Shinu

When the first Japanese-language version of the U.S. jazz magazine *Down Beat* hit the stands in Tokyo this summer, an 18-year-old university student wrote the publishers his fervent thanks: "To me your magazine is as a mountain guide to an amateur Alpinist." Japanese enthusiasts are finding the cool air of American jazz a mighty heady place.

Beer-, tea- and coffee-houses loud with the sounds of Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie and Gerry Mulligan are sprouting like rice shoots in Japan's major cities. But Mama, Carrousel, Swing, or Fujiya Music Salon are nothing like Manhattan's Metropole or Birdland. Instead of the usual clutter of tables and clatter of highballs, Japan's hipsters sit in dislike seats set in rows of two, railroad-style, sipping their drinks in scholarly contemplation and rarely speaking, as jazz, either recorded or live, engulfs them in smoky parlors. Girls in the crowd affect tight reodor pants; the boys are mighty sharp in Ivy League coats and peaked caps pulled down tight to their dark glasses.

American jazz was first imported in the 1920s, and became "enemy music" to Japan's generals in World War II. Western music came back deafeningly in the U.S. occupation. In the years since, Japanese fans have staggered through the big-band beat, calypso, rockabilly and other crazes. Beginning last year, modern jazz, progressive and otherwise, has taken over the joints. At last count, Japan has some 3,000 union-registered jazz musicians noodling away at the out sounds of such current favorites as Sonny Rollins, Art Blakey and Miles Davis. They have even picked up the lingo, and added soy sauce. Though cool (pronounced "koo-roo") and beat ("beato") survived the Pacific crossing almost intact, the U.S. term funky (meaning earthy) is disparaging Japanese for beatnik. *Shinu* (literally: I die) means being overwhelmed, and if the sounds are too far out, they are *ikareteru* (meaning out of order).

A Japanese jazz buff named Shioichi Kusano, 29, sold *Down Beat* editors in Chicago on a Japanese edition of the jazz magazine, sold out 2,000 copies of the first issue at 50¢ each, expects soon to be selling 10,000 copies per issue, almost half the magazine's U.S. sales. The September issue features a story called "Tragedy of Newport Festa" telling of the riots that broke up the Newport Jazz Festival this summer. In this case, the Japanese got there first; at Tokyo's first jazz festival last summer, an overflow crowd almost tore down the joint to hear a succession of Japanese big bands and combos and moan "Shinu, shinu, shinu."

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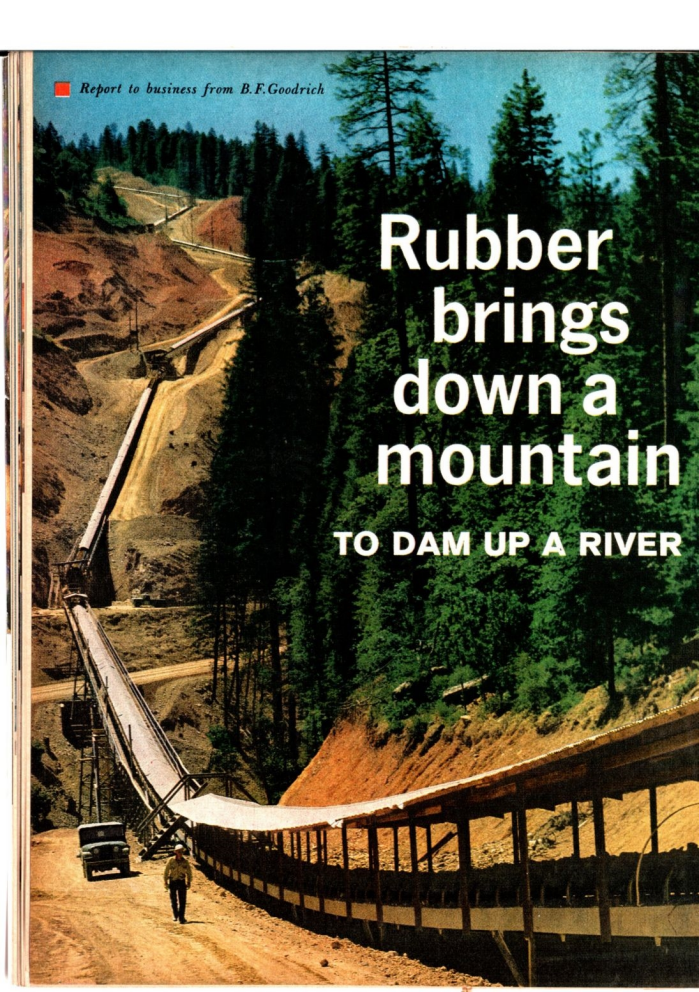
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
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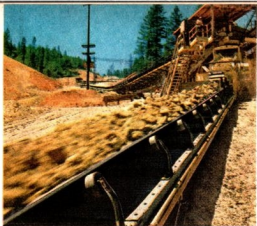
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 *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*

Rubber brings down a mountain

TO DAM UP A RIVER



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In the rugged evergreen country of northern California, contractors are blasting millions of tons of clay and rock from a mountain—and hauling it to a river valley two miles away. There the transplanted mountain is being reshaped into the world's highest earth dam—495 feet above the streambed of the Trinity River.

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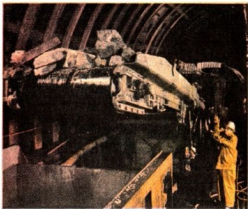
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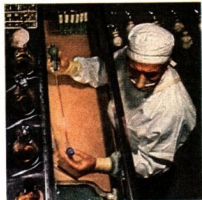


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SPECTACLES

One for the Bulls

The small red brick and whitewash pueblo of San Sebastián de Los Reyes, ten miles north of Madrid, last week contributed something to the history of the bull ring that lifted the town, in an odd sort of way, to the level of Talavera de La Reina, where the great Joselito was killed by a bull on May 16, 1920, and Linares, where bullfighting's messiah, the classical and sad-eyed Manolete, was killed while slaying another bull on Aug. 28, 1947.

Faster-starting than race horses, more agile than middleweight champions, fighting bulls are semi-invincible. In caged battle, they have destroyed both lions and Bengal tigers. On the other hand, they habitually lose bullfights. If they defeat one matador, the other matadors on the program are present to finish the job.

Last week San Sebastián de Los Reyes made that "almost always." For its annual one-shot fiesta, the village bought half a dozen three-year-old bulls from the unpretentious Castilian ranch of Don Emeterio del Corral. Three bullfighters were signed—a sandy-haired 22-year-old called Little Angel, a swarthy fellow of the same age known as Little Pete, and a teenage apprentice marvel known as The Toledo Fox. In the ancient manner, the white-dust town square was barricaded, the trumpet of death sounded, and the bullfight began.

Bull No. 1, named Powerful, burst into the sun and immediately shattered a section of the wooden barricade. Little Angel passed him once with a half-veronica, but on the return trip Powerful chose Little Angel instead of the cape. While Little Angel rested in a nearby infirmary, Little Pete finished the bull.

No. 2, called Field Guard, entered the ring with a splintered right horn and a dangerous way of hooking both to the right and the left. "Let me at him," said the ambitious Toledo Fox. After a brief series of passes he turned his back on the animal and walked imperially away in the style of the great dominating matadors. Field Guard, unimpressed, mowed him down like a corn harvester. Little Pete again came in to make the kill—a little raggedly now.

No. 3, Little Ugly, carried fine high horns. "I decided this was the bull for me," said Little Pete later. "I wanted to cut his ears and be carried off to the shoulders of the crowd." His statuary passes were successful; his work with the muleta brought music from the band. His sword thrust was accurate as well; but as Little Ugly fell he let Little Pete have it with a sharp left hook. Little Pete went off to the hospital, too. The remaining three unfought bulls were sent back to the farm, and San Sebastián had a claim on history: every matador in sight had been wiped out by the fighting bulls.



BLACKPOOL'S TOWER

P. A. Reister

Not art for art's sake—art for Pete's sake.

VAUDEVILLE

Down to the Fish 'n' Chips

If vaudeville is all but extinct, it has, at least, a reservation in Britain, a sort of sanctuary for the vanishing boffolo, where variety acts by the dozen still command high prices and audiences queue up in multiple thousands. Strung out along a seven-mile waterfront promenade, Lancashire's Blackpool could well be called the world's foremost indoor resort. The salt air that attracts so many Britons to the edge of the Irish Sea is so often filled with raindrops that all comers are driven inside to watch everything from burlesque with pratfalls to ballet with waterfalls.

Ten years ago, there were some 60 variety houses in metropolitan London, and today there are none, but in Blackpool the vaudes are often more numerous than the swimmers. Despite "bracing breezes" that raise goose-pimples in August, the crowds come to Blackpool—more than 8,000,000 a year. Last week, when resorts in less invigorating climes were already shuttering up, Blackpool began the biggest six weeks of its season, a grand finale known as the "Street Illuminations," when the city's thoroughfares are a carnival of flamboyant tableaux, ranging this year from a lurid facsimile of Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* to a cancan in 3-D.

Towers & Tangos. Blackpool's visitors can poke a curious toe into "the world's largest outdoor swimming pool" (1,600,000 gallons of cold filtered brine) or ascend the highest tower in Britain, a red-painted, 520-ft. structure that once in a blue sky affords a view of Wales's Mount Snowdon, 150 miles distant. They yo-yo back and forth between fish 'n' chip houses and some of the United Kingdom's most capacious pubs (Blackpool has 105, one of which can handle 1,000 guzzlers at a time). They also toss away the oversize coins of the realm in



The Times, London

SNIFFING THE BRACING BREEZES

penny arcades, and take in Britain's only permanent circus. Even the public toilets have a first-rate box office, bringing in 7,000,000 pennies a year.

But the major attraction is vaudeville, and many people see three 2½-hour performances a day. Blue-collar sorts in the main, Blackpool's visitors want unadorned, ramrod stuff, and Blackpudlian entrepreneurs see that they get it. "They like a good belly laugh," says the impresario of the 1,800-seat Queen's Theater, "and they don't mind it good and vulgar. If you don't like someone here, you don't give him subtle insults; you say: 'I'll slap thee in the bloody girt gob.'"

Rigoletto & Lady Zorro. Along Blackpool's strand last week, 14 vaudeville and burlesque houses were offering everything from rock 'n' roll to arias from *Rigoletto*, and a "direct from America" girly show featuring a black-masked nude known as Lady Zorro. There was a puppet show, an acrobatic act, a North American dog act, and a show called *Don't Stop, You're Killing Me*, a revue thinly disguised as melodrama, which incorporated a squad of "police" who, more or less as if sent by Luigi Pirandello, entered the theater telling everyone in the audience to keep his seat until the heavy was apprehended. At the 3,000-seat Blackpool Opera House, the biggest English theater outside London, an expensive collection of British TV and variety stars was headed by Rock Cornish Singer Tommy Steele, earning \$3,000 a week. "When it's Blackpool on the line for talent," says one showman, "agents automatically tack on 25%."

For all its common touch, Blackpool's history is alight with great names of show business—W. C. Fields, Bea Lillie, Danny Kaye, Marlene Dietrich, Gertrude Lawrence, Tallulah Bankhead. But none of

✱ For "girt" read "big"; for "gob" read "mouth."



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them could rewrite the Blackpool creed. "You can't be chichi in Blackpool" is how one Blackpudlian phrases it. "It's not art for art's sake here. It's art for Pete's sake, and Pete owns the town."

"Pete" is, approximately, the English John Dough, and in the 1960 era of new prosperity he knows where he wants to spend his holiday money. Last week in Blackpool a Lancashire wool merchant summed up the average Englishman's loyalty to the place. He had been to the Riviera last year and had his fill of incomprehensible French entertainment and Chateaubriand with sauce béarnaise. "We couldn't get fish 'n' chips," he murmured, "and the steak was all covered with bloody glue."

HOLLYWOOD

David in Gomorrah

Manhattan's own David Susskind, successful producer of safe-at-home TV classics and voluble critic of TV's lack of daring, has been, to use his favorite verb, denigrating Hollywood for years. "Hollywood has an advanced case of intellectual leprosy," he says. "It is sterile and bland, a place of languor and procrastination, of overwhelming provincialism." Hollywood's responses are equally engaging. "Susskind," says Oscar Levant, "is salami dipped in chicken fat." Yet there was Susskind, out in the Hollywood provinces last week, and not just to carry the battle to the enemy's home ground. He was there to show the languorous natives how to make motion pictures—and money.

Among the Barbarians. Producing the screen version of *A Raisin in the Sun* for Columbia Pictures, Susskind makes it clear to all Hollywood that he is an East Coast messiah. Tossing off remarks about filmland's Gomorrah atmosphere, its chronic fearfulness, its tendency "to run with the tide," he sits in self-imposed isolation at one end of the long table in Columbia's executive dining room and baits the mighty. At a recent lunch, he noted in a loud, salad-wilting voice that Eddie Fisher would be producing Elizabeth Taylor's next picture for Columbia. Studio boss Sam Briskin, according to Susskind, spoke up from 20 feet away to defend the arrangement and asked what Susskind thought of it. "It's maniacal," said Susskind smoothly. "The next picture Elizabeth Taylor makes for you after this she will insist that her mother-in-law play the part of the other woman. After a while you won't be running a major studio. You'll just be renting property."

Susskind has flirted with Hollywood in the past, but he had insufficient power to make his presence felt. After fruitless chats with M-G-eminent Benny Thau, he came away saying: "The only thing we have in common is breathing." His current mission, as he sees it, is to light Hollywood's way out of its cultural cave. After *A Raisin in the Sun*, he has contracted to do three more films for Columbia, is considering doing the life of Evita Perón, F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Rich Boy* and Brendan Behan's *The Quare Fellow*.



NEW YORK'S SUSSKIND IN MOVIELAND
"I am a leader. I think, I act."

He also has ambitious ideas of taking over a major studio some day, or, failing that, starting one. "If you are a man of passions," he said passionately last week, "out here they label you a kook, a Commie, or an angle player." With head characteristically lowered, fists clenched, he went on: "I am a leader. I think, I can. I act. I want to lead with what I believe to be the truth. It makes me feel good inside. If I am an angle player, that is my angle." The fists unclenched and the lowered eyes raised slowly, effectively.

Angles & Bells. Hollywood, for its part, isn't going for the angle. Groucho Marx, not even bothering to make his bark witty, summed up one school of local opinion by calling Susskind "this phony New York intellectual." In a *Daily Variety* column, Humorist Max Shulman wrote of "Mr. Susskind, the noted television trailblazer, who gave us a video adaptation of *The Bells of St. Mary's*." Susskind sniffed: "People mention these things to me, but I absolutely refuse to read the local papers and the trade papers. I only read the New York papers."

No one can denigrate Susskind's success. Culturally, he may be a would-be explorer who has so far been little more than an exploiter, but financially at least he is the producer phenomenon of modern show business. He will produce \$30 million worth of TV shows this year (up \$12 million from last year). Partly because he is a perfectionist and partly because his better writers are buried like in Westminster Abbey, his shows will usually be good ones. Meanwhile, his East Coast flacks are putting out the word that "Hollywood has fallen at David Susskind's feet."

There is a grain of truth in it. Hollywood is bending over—hoping to pull the rug out from under him.



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THE PRESS

Blackout in Houston

When does a daily newspaper, even with the best of intentions, have a right to suppress a major news story in its own backyard? Nowhere was this question more heatedly debated last week than in the city rooms and among the readers of Houston's three newspapers: the *Post*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Press*. The issue involved the toughest problem facing the U.S.'s largest segregated city: integration.

Two weeks ago, to end lunch counter sit-ins, white and Negro Houston civic leaders thrashed out an agreement desegregating the city's lunch counters. So that there would be no flare-ups when the change took place, all three Houston papers delayed publication of the news for one week, then buried it on the back pages. Radio and TV stations also went along with the news blackout. "The stores wanted to integrate the lunch counters at the least possible cost," explained one Houston editor lamely. "They wanted to lose neither Negro nor white business. They felt that not publicizing the event was their safest course of action."

Other Southern newspapers have buried or ignored integration stories before, but seldom have they met such angered reaction. All three Houston papers underestimated the ability of Houstonians to find out the news for themselves. The papers were besieged with angry calls. "I am opposed to integration," said one woman, "but I would rather have integrated lunch counters than controlled news." To callers, Oveta Culp Hobby's *Post* blandly replied that the blackout had been taken as "another public service of the *Post* to insure public safety." But for all their intentions of doing good by stealth, the *Post*, the *Chronicle* and the *Press* would certainly have found life simpler had they lived up to a motto engraved in stone over the entrance of the Houston *Post* building: LET FACTS BE SUBMITTED TO A CANDID WORLD.

Press Lord Retires

In his corner office high above Manhattan's Park Avenue, Scripps-Howard's Roy Wilson Howard rifled through a stack of well-wishing telegrams: at 77 he had just announced that he was retiring after 33 years as editor of the New York *World-Telegram* and *Sun*, divesting himself of all executive responsibility and authority. Said Roy Howard, who for several years had been removing himself from management of the Scripps-Howard chain, as he looked back on more than 60 years in journalism: "Newspapers, I like to think, are the common denominator of popular thinking. In the old days newspapers thundered at their readers. Now they are down among them."

The words had a lordly ring—and Roy Howard had long since been certified as a U.S. press lord. Under Howard, the 19-paper Scripps-Howard newspaper chain has become the nation's biggest. With an eye that saw red when red figures appeared

in the ledgers and could find only blue skies in black balances, Howard had kept Scripps-Howard financially strong. It was managerial shrewdness that also made him continue a policy of giving free rein to experienced and able editors, like the Cleveland *Press*'s Louis Seltzer, who have made distantly owned papers conscientious and sometimes contentious members of their communities.

Yet, for all his financial and managerial talents, Roy Howard prefers to think of himself as a journalist, and in his day he was a fairly flamboyant one. In a press era increasingly dominated by blue serge



SCRIPPS-HOWARD'S HOWARD
Enough gall to be thrice divided.

businessman, he has been one of journalism's most vivid personalities. His clothes looked as though they had been cut from a bolt of the rainbow. Brash and profane, he had enough gall to be thrice divided.

Maybe a Good One. The son of a railroad brakeman, Roy Howard was born in a tollgate house in Gano, Ohio, and was blooded in the newspaper business hawking papers as a boy in Indianapolis. He drifted from paper to paper before finally latching onto a job with the Cincinnati *Post* of the Scripps-McRae chain. Three years later he met the chain's guiding genius: E. W. Scripps. It was quite a meeting.

"All of Old Man Scripps's sons were over six feet tall," Howard has recalled, "and he naturally had a preference for tall men. When I stood in front of him, 5 ft. 6 in. tall and weighing about 115 lbs., he pushed his glasses up on his forehead and said: 'My God, another little one.'" Replied Howard: "Yes, but maybe a good one this time."

Working his way upward in a hurry,

Howard in 1907 took over as general news manager of United Press, which had been formed by Scripps from three other news-gathering services. In less than five years, Howard was U.P.'s president. In 1922 Howard complained to Old Man Scripps that the Scripps newspapers had become chronic growlers instead of champions of the public interest. Scripps made Howard a partner in the chain, let him renovate the policy of the papers. In no time at all they became more determinedly "different"—but in the process lost much of the idealistic Scripps zeal.

Howard's editorial trademarks include heavily headlined, often exaggerated "exposés" of two-bit foreign-aid boondoggling (a pet Howard peeve that his pet columnists work at) and a kind of editorial writing style that tries to be "hard-hitting" when it is working hardest to straddle an issue (as one of his colleagues once remarked, "Roy is all but, and a yard wide").

Oddly Accurate. As a working press lord, Roy Howard loved nothing better than to see his own byline. The most conspicuous one he ever got was when he filed his famed false Armistice report, on a say-so of an admiral, four days before World War I actually ended. He prided himself on brashness. For example, as Howard recalled last week, in 1936 "I was in Paris, sitting in a café, kind of wondering whether I was all washed up, whether I was any good. I took a cable blank that was lying around and wrote on it: 'Joseph Stalin, Kremlin, Moscow. Arriving Friday evening for visit until following Tuesday. Much appreciate interview.'" The result: a rare, on-the-record talk in which Stalin warned Japan against going too far too fast in Manchuria. Howard now says of his reportorial career: "I acquired a reputation as a reporter that I never deserved—this despite the fact that I had some considerable success."

On the Sidelines? With the announcement last week of his retirement, most old Scripps-Howard hands could talk fondly of Roy Howard's many virtues and even, with a certain warped sense of pride, of his faults. One of the stories echoing through the Scripps-Howard city rooms was of the time when Howard was among the guests of honor at a Washington dinner for successful ex-Indians. The toastmaster introduced Howard as "that great Hoosier, that fearless publisher, the inventor of the minimum wage..." Howard was three paragraphs through his thank-you speech before he realized he had been insulted. Pausing in mid-sentence, he growled to the toastmaster: "Why, you sonofabitch." Then, with a beatific smile, he picked up where he had left off in his speech.

Replacing Howard as editor of the *World-Telegram* and *Sun* is Lee Wood, 67, a longtime Scripps-Howard man, who has been executive editor of the *Telly* for the past 29 years. But few of those who know Roy Howard best would wager that he will remain on the sidelines when decisions affecting Scripps-Howard fortunes are made. For as he himself said last week: "I'm not a candidate for the funeral director yet."

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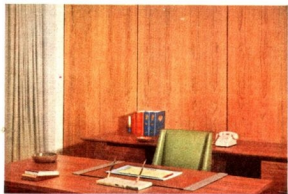
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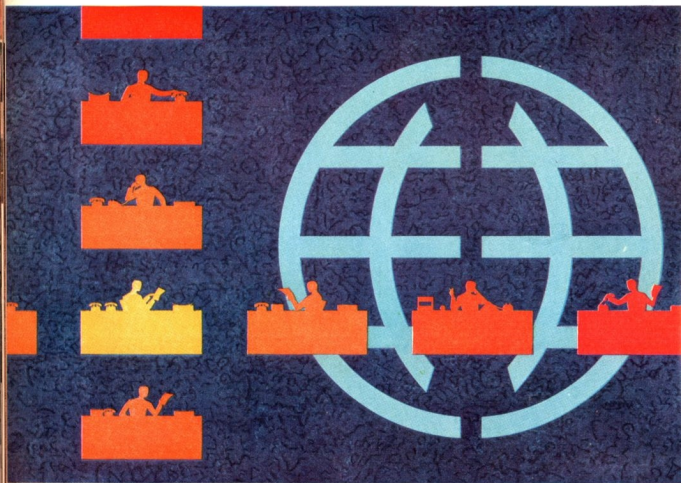
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AROUND THE COUNTRY OR AROUND THE WORLD, FIRST NATIONAL CITY KNOWS

RELIGION

Up & Up

U.S. Roman Catholics are having their own population explosion, and the gains are making problems for their church. Sociologist Dr. Donald N. Barrett, of the University of Notre Dame, told a meeting of the American Catholic Sociological Society last week that there are now an estimated 43,650,000 U.S. Catholics, and that during the decade 1950-59, the Catholic population increased by 35.8% while the total U.S. population grew by only 16.6%.

The number of Catholics is increasing three times as fast as the numbers of seminarians and sisters, twice as fast as priests, and almost four times as fast as parishes. "If lay people are unwilling to enter seminaries and the sisterhoods," concluded Dr. Barrett, "they must be utilized in greater numbers and more effectively in an expanding scope of church functions."

A Mission for the Archbishop

Among Roman Catholic university rectors gathered at an international conference in Rio de Janeiro last week, the most impressive figure was a towering (6 ft. 3 in.), hard-muscled Chinese—59-year-old Roman Catholic Archbishop Paul Yu-pin of Nanking. Equally impressive was the report he gave of his church's growth in Formosa: during the past ten years, the island's Catholic population has grown from 5,000 to more than 200,000; its priesthood from 40 to 500.

Most of the new Catholics are refugees from Chinese Communists on the mainland, but many have joined the church since fleeing from the Reds. The old ways are gone, and they want something to cling to, says the archbishop. "For more and more of them that something is Catholicism. Almost all the professors, tradesmen, generals and politicians on Formosa have accepted Christ."

The archbishop had another piece of news for the conference. Next month he will travel to Formosa on assignment from Pope John XXIII—to re-establish in Taipei, and then to administer, the Catholic University of Fu-jen, formerly located in Peking. It will be the first time in more than ten years that the archbishop has been able to live under the Chinese flag.

Orphaned at the age of seven, he "accepted Christ" after his contact with the priests of a Catholic mission in a small rice-growing district near Lanshi, where he lived with his grandfather. At 18, he decided to become a priest, graduated from the Jesuits' Aurora University in Shanghai, went on to study in Rome and returned to China in 1933. Three years later, he was named Bishop of Nanking. But he never got much chance to work at it. First the Japanese overran Nanking in 1937 and put a \$100,000 price on his head. His long exile in the U.S. ended after World War II. He returned to China, was made an archbishop in 1946. Three years later,



CHINA'S YU-PIN
Christ is there to cling to.

Antonio Pirrotti

the Communists overran his diocese and he had to flee again. In exile in the U.S., the bishop spent his energies helping Chinese in the New World and raising funds for the refugees on Formosa.

With a contribution of \$100,000 from the Pope, and the promise of \$900,000 from Boston's Cardinal Richard Cushing, Archbishop Yu-pin hopes to make Formosa's University of Fu-jen one of the Far East's best schools. It will be as international as the church itself: Spanish Dominicans will teach medicine and nursing; French Lazarists will run the law school; Austrian Benedictines will teach agriculture; Chinese priests will teach literature; and U.S. members of the Congregation of the Divine Word will teach science and languages. The first few hundred students are expected in 1961, and the archbishop hopes to have 12,000 by 1965.

The Holy Ghost

Theologians through the ages have bent their brains on the nature and function of God the Father and God the Son. But the third person of the Christian Trinity has received relatively scant theological consideration. "With a few inconsequential exceptions," writes President Henry P. Van Dusen of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, "there has been hardly a period in the church's history, hardly a school of Christian theology, hardly an individual theologian who has given to the Holy Spirit the attention . . . merited."

Published last week was a new book on the Holy Ghost that will interest many a man in the pew as well as in the pulpit. In *The Holy Spirit and Modern Thought* (Harper; \$4.50), Anglican Canon Lindsay Dewar, a Fellow of King's College, London, concisely surveys the history of

thought about the Holy Ghost from the Old Testament concept of *ruach*, the "breath" or spirit of God, to his own arresting hypothesis that the Holy Spirit works through the unconscious with extra-sensory perception.

Irrational Individualism. The commonest mistake about the Holy Ghost, writes Canon Dewar, is to say "it" instead of "He." The gift of the Holy Spirit is "not the bestowal of a thing but the action of a person." The classic description of the Holy Spirit appears in the Gospel of John, where Jesus is quoted as promising to send the disciples "the Paraclete"—a Greek word variously translated as "comforter," "advocate," or "counselor"—to remind them of Jesus' teaching and to guide them to truth. At Pentecost, the 50th day after the Resurrection, the Holy Spirit descended upon the disciples in tongues of flame and set them all to speaking in other tongues so vociferously that Peter had to explain to the crowd in Jerusalem that they were not drunk, "seeing it is but the third hour of the day [i.e., 9 a.m.]."

Thereafter, the "gift of the Holy Ghost" came to be associated with glossolalia, or speaking in tongues. (TIME, Aug. 15) and was sometimes thought to be conferred by baptism or the laying on of hands. St. Augustine of Hippo (354-430) taught that the gift of the Holy Spirit could only be present in the unity of the church, that outsiders could not receive Him. But Martin Luther (1483-1546) took no account at all of the "fellowship of the Spirit." The Holy Ghost, he thought, descended upon one man and not another with no rational explanation ("Faith kill eth reason"), and to individuals rather than to groups.

Fellowship of the Spirit. The Christians who have set greatest store by the Holy Spirit have been the post-Reformation sects, such as the Baptists, Quakers, Mennonites and Moravians. Anglican Dewar is too much of a high churchman to approve of them. As a prime example, he cites Britain's George Fox (1624-1691), founder of the Society of Friends, and takes him to task for not appreciating the personality of the Holy Spirit ("he constantly refers to Him as 'it'"), and for having no "doctrine of the Church."

Canon Dewar's own original interpretation of the working of the Holy Spirit is that His field of operation is the unconscious, where He can make Himself felt in terms of what the parapsychologists call "psi phenomena"—clairvoyance, telepathy, psychokinesis, etc.—as well as in everyday life, the source of what the Christian calls his "conscience." Nor, in Canon Dewar's thinking, is the Holy Spirit limited to Christians.

"He also works at the natural level, as our Lord clearly saw, overruling and guiding even the minds of non-Christian men and women. There is, in the words of the collect, a 'never-failing Providence which ordereth all things both in heaven and earth.' Such then, according to the New Testament, is the *koinonia* [fellowship] of the Spirit."

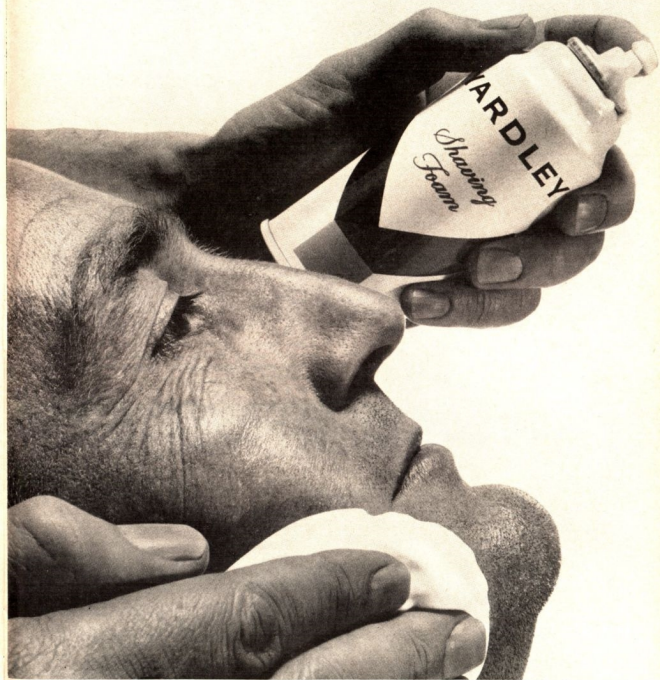


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is now in an aerosol foam!

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EDUCATION

Schools of Tomorrow

We shape our buildings; thereafter they shape us.

—Winston Churchill

Since World War II, the boom in U.S. school construction has been so phenomenal that it currently accounts for 20% of all public building. The value of U.S. school buildings has reached about \$30 billion—nearly four times the total assets of General Motors. More than half the nation's youngsters will soon be in postwar buildings; yet need still outstrips supply. This month schools across the land are re-opening with a shortage of 132,000 classrooms. The need for the next ten years: 607,000 new classrooms at a cost of \$25.5 billion. And ten years after that? By then the school-age population may be more than double the present.

What kind of classrooms are needed? Until recently the U.S. conception of a school had changed little since the nation's first fully-graded public school—Boston's Quincy School—opened in 1847. Quincy made one radical concession to individuality: desks in seven sizes for growing scholars. Otherwise, all students passed their years together in box-shaped rooms, class by class, the bright and dull handicapping each other. This week Quincy School reopens its ancient doors, admitting 291 more students, still a monument to "egg-crate" education. For a century such schools have changed only the style of their façades—from Victorian Gothic to WPA Colonial to Neo-Revival.

Sun & Air. But the modern U.S. schoolhouse has a vastly bigger job. All under one bulging school system, Americans now demand kindergartens, big-time football,

classroom TV and junior colleges. They want summer sessions for the gifted, special teachers for the retarded, night classes for the aged. The air-conditioned hive that serves this honey must house carpentry shops and physics laboratories, a hall for the town meeting, and perhaps a swimming pool that adults can use too. It must impress like a monument—and be as cheap as a summer cottage. It is running out of space, money and teachers.

The few architects who care to tackle such specifications have sprouted some of the most eye-catching buildings in the nation (see color pages). Architect Richard J. Neutra's pioneering (1940) Crow Island Elementary School in Winnetka, Ill., did away with fixed seats and high ceilings. Architect Mario J. Ciampi's prizewinning Westmoor High School (1958) in Daly City near San Francisco is big, stunning architecture: shimmering glass, enamel murals, barrel-vaulted roof. Grabbing whatever space is left to schools, other designs march ingeniously up and down hillsides. New hexagonal and pentagonal structures reach out for sun and air, proclaiming the pleasures of education.

Time to Think. Yet in the past few years, a certain reaction has set in. When critics cried "frills" at murals and mosaics ("Must schools be palaces?" wrote Dorothy Thompson in 1957), school boards began to listen. New designs often emphasize the penny-pinching Spartanism that pioneering architects borrowed from industrial buildings. And many a school board's haggling habit of comparing prices per square foot (U.S. median: \$15.99) drives away architects. Some boards would just as soon skip hiring an architect in favor of prefabrication.

Except for small and poor schools, or

for stock parts in big schools, prefabrication is no final answer. For each school is a unique problem in tailoring costly space on differing sites and to different needs. ("Fris" are often the cheapest item.) Today, the key word is "flexibility." To keep pace with fast shifts in population, schools must expand or contract. Portable classrooms (3,300 in Los Angeles) are one answer; wings that can later be dismantled or sold to business are another. But most important, the flexible school is a hedge against educational obsolescence. Even the fancy new schools have not basically changed the egg-crate system; the real revolution in U.S. school architecture is just beginning.

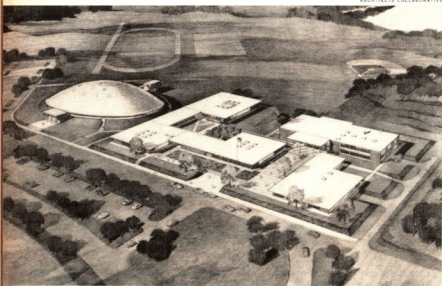
Spurred by the teacher shortage, educators are mulling revolutionary curriculums geared at last to individual differences. Proposals were laid out last year by Education Professor J. Lloyd Trump of the University of Illinois, head of a team financed by the Ford Foundation. The future high school, said the Trump report, will dispense with standard classes of 30 students meeting five days a week on inflexible schedules. For 40% of the time, large groups of 100 students or more will attend lectures and demonstrations. Another 20% will be spent in small seminars of about a dozen students. For the remaining 40% of his time, each student will be on his own—experimenting, reading, memorizing—and, hopefully, thinking about the task at hand.

Factory or School? Run by "master" career teachers (earning \$15,000 a year, Trump proposes) and assistants, this sort of schedule requires a different kind of school planning. Though acoustics are a problem (no really soundproof movable partition has been perfected), flexible walls can help turn the trick. One arresting example is Architect John Lyon Reid's new (1958) Mills High School in Millbrae, Calif. Though built to stand 100 years, Mills follows an industrial "loft plan" in which none of the interior walls is structural. By adjusting a few nuts and bolts, walls can be shifted overnight.

But despite the California climate, Reid's \$4,032,506 "factory" school (capacity: 2,000) has almost no windows; light comes through prismatic glass blocks in the ceilings. It is hermetically sealed and mechanically ventilated, so stripped down for action that pipes hang exposed. Flexible as it may be, say critics, it is a mighty cold-seeming place. Is this an invitation to learning?

In sharp contrast is the new Wayland (Mass.) High School, a remarkable \$2,360,000 layout (capacity: 850), due to open this month 16 miles from Boston. Designed by Walter Gropius's Architects Collaborative, Wayland is a modified "campus plan" of six separate buildings, organized according to subjects (arts, language, math and sciences, etc.). Each center has varying-sized rooms with movable walls—a big lecture hall, small seminar rooms, a "resource area" for individual projects. Equipment is lavish: the arts center has a theater and a TV studio.

Wayland's most striking architectural



WAYLAND HIGH SCHOOL'S NEW CAMPUS PLAN WITH GEODESIC-DOMED FIELD HOUSE
A place to compete with the corner drugstore.



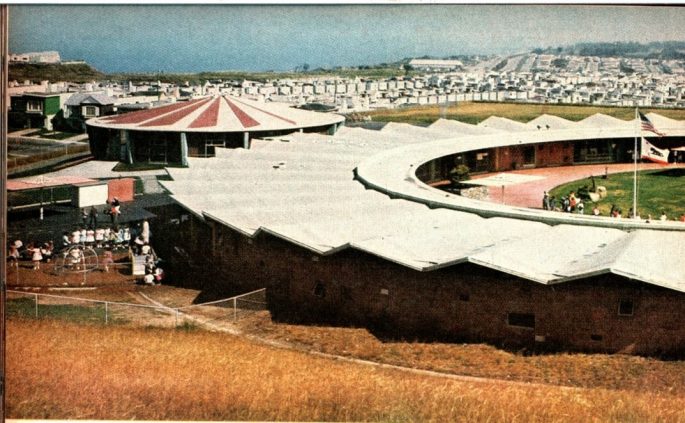
COMMON ROOM in new Baldwin, N.Y. Senior High School can be expanded for parties, meetings by opening doors to adjacent cafeteria. Mural shows school's curriculum.

J. ALER LANGLEY, ARCHITECT; KETCHUM & SHARP

FRANK LOEY MILLER, ARCHITECT; CRUICK, ROWLETT & SCOTT

GYMNASIUM covered by laminated wood arch and deck is part of St. Joseph's Academy, Brownsville, Texas. Tower at left with statue of St. Joseph provides campus focal point.





ROUND BOWL design of 14-room Vista Mar Elementary School in Daly City, Calif., a San Francisco suburb, puts all windows on inner court, fits snugly on seven-acre site.

JON SHENDEL, ARCHITECT; WARD J. CIAPPI—ALLEN C. MARTIN

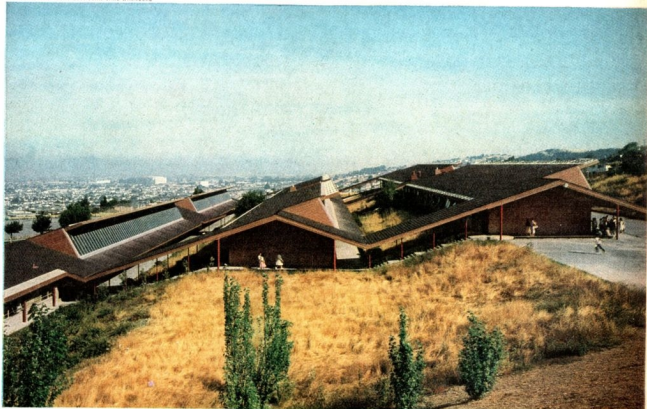
WAGON WHEEL pattern was chosen to make best use of space at Nathaniel Narbonne High School in Los Angeles, provides central social court, parking lot for students' cars.

PHIL BATH, ARCHITECT; DANIEL MANN, JOHNSON & MENDENHALL





200 DRENNIS, ARCHITECT: JOHN CARL WARNECKE



HILL STEP-UPS allowed Mira Vista Elementary School in Richmond, Calif. to utilize 23-acre slope on side of Berkeley Hills for school site. Outdoor corridors are placed on northeast

side of building to shield passageways from winds and fog. Studio-type north skylights, protected by horizontal louvers against overhead sun, give schoolrooms ideal natural light.



MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM with step-down center area is hub of all activities at Warson Woods, Mo., Elementary School, is used as theater, gym, dining space and playroom.

ARTHUR SHAY, ARCHITECT; BELLMUTH, OSATA & KASSABAUM, INC.

JON BRENNES, ARCHITECT; REID, ROCKWELL, SANWELL & TARCIS

OPEN GREAT COURT becomes interior campus for Mills High School, Millbrae, Calif. Movable metal partitions in interior allow for flexible planning of classroom spaces.



feature is a field house with a geodesic dome to replace the traditional gym. Though it includes a basketball court (taken apart at season's end), the field house is not limited by the court's dimensions. The domed design yields 41,000 sq. ft. of enclosed space, including an indoor dirt track, exercise rooms, and seats for the Wayland Town Meeting.

Giant Half Step. Geared to college-bound students, Wayland has a Trump-like curriculum. The typical student will spend 10% of his time in seminars, 80% in the conventional classroom, 10% in large lecture-discussions. With team teaching and an adviser for every 20 students, each student will be encouraged to go as far as he can in each field. A bright youngster may pick up broad principles in group discussions, carry them further in seminars, use the "resource areas" to dig in on his own, and wind up with advanced standing in college.

Wayland is still only "a giant half step into the future," says President Harold Gores of the Ford Foundation's Educational Facilities Laboratories. By no means is it expensive (\$12.40 per sq. ft.) nor so frugally designed as to be inhuman. In fact, the architects have a high ambition for it: that to the students it will be "a school which will compete with the corner drugstore."

Desegregation in New York

While Southern cities were firing legal smoke shells at school integration last week, New York City announced a historic breach of *de facto* segregation. A growing problem in every big Northern city, *de facto* segregation results from slum housing, racial ghettos and rigid school zoning laws. In New York City, where three-quarters of Manhattan's public-school pupils are now Negro and Puerto Rican, the concentration of them in some schools is as high as 100%. Negro parents complain that such schools are educationally inferior. Demanding a chance to send their children to more racially mixed schools, many of them were prepared to keep their kids at home next week in "sit-out" boycotts.

Last week, giving way to the threat, the city's board of education for the first time systematically broke its own traditional rule that children must attend schools in their own neighborhoods. The new plan: students from 21 "sending" junior high schools with crowded classrooms and high concentrations of Negroes and Puerto Ricans will be allowed to shift to 28 "receiving" schools that have space for 3,000 more students. The plan will be extended to elementary schools next year, and ultimately may involve 15,000 transfers. Will the sending schools continue to be neglected educationally, and will the receiving schools be swamped with poor students? To avoid either possibility, the board promised to keep a sharp eye on standards at both ends. Said Superintendent of Schools John J. Theobald: "The 1,000,000 kids in our schools are my kids—and I'm going to give them the best education I can give them."

Stranger in Town

Pointing a finger at Schoolteacher Franklyn Olson, 23, the justice of the peace intoned: "Young man, your crime is as serious as if you had given them marijuana cigarettes." Olson's crime: assigning five schoolboys in Thompson, Mich. to read *The Stranger*, by France's late Nobel-prizewinning Novelist Albert Camus. Olson's sentence: a \$100 fine and 90 days in the county jail.

Teacher Olson first read the sharp novel, one of the landmarks (1942) of existentialist fiction, when a woman professor gave it to him at Augustana College in Rock Island, Ill. A slow reader, he was impressed by the book's "contemporary relevance" and also by its short, swift sentences. In one gulp, he downed "this story of man trying to tell the truth," and it stuck with him when he went home from college last year to Michigan's Upper Peninsula. There he applied for a teaching job in the hamlet of Thompson (pop. 296), which has an odd hiring system—teacher candidates are asked to submit salary bids. Olson bid \$3,790, and wound up with Thompson's fifth, sixth and seventh grades.

Last spring Olson submitted a new bid for this year of \$4,100, and his contract was not renewed. But long before this error, Olson had made another. When five average-bright boys in his room shunned all reading, Olson remembered *The Stranger's* powers. To get them interested in reading, he gave the lads paperback editions of the book, assigned the first chapter. In short order, one 13-year-old's mother discovered "obscene" passages. She called another mother, who called the school board, which called the state police, who arrested Olson. In his nearby home town of Escanaba the PRESS headlined the story: **TEACHER FURNISHES LEWD BOOKS TO CHILDREN.**

While Olson was in jail, the state police also rummaged through his cottage without a search warrant, removed and destroyed several of his books. Among them: *Crime and Punishment* and *One, Two, Three, Infinity*, a lively treatise on numbers by Physicist George Gamow.

Unaware of his legal rights, Olson stayed in jail for twelve days without realizing that he could get out by paying \$300 bail. Then to his rescue came Attorney Clair Hoehn, president of the school board in Gladstone, 40 miles from Thompson. "Ridiculous," said Hoehn, after reading *The Stranger* himself. "This boy just wanted his students to have some different reading than 'Run, Dick, run.'"

Attorney Hoehn soon discovered something even more ridiculous: Justice of the Peace Howard Magoon jailed Teacher Olson under an obscenity law that Michigan repealed in 1957. Last week Circuit Court Judge George Baldwin threw out Olson's conviction. Any "lurid remarks" in *The Stranger*, ruled Baldwin, are "minor" compared to many in the Bible. But former Teacher Olson is still vainly trying to find a job of any kind in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Angel Wore Red (Titanus-Spectator; M-G-M) is a turbid Kleenex-sopper about an unfrocked priest (Dirk Bogarde) and a cabaret girl (Ava Gardner) who is frocked, but just barely. Bogarde and Gardner fall into intimate clutch during one of the first air raids of the Spanish Civil War. That very morning Bogarde had left the church because its hierarchy sympathized with Francisco Franco's rebels. But after the raid, in the kind of irony that cuts like a rubber dagger, he is hunted down by a mob of enraged Loyalists who have convinced themselves that the city's priests signaled enemy planes from the cathedral tower. (The Loyalists are represented as Communist priest-murderers, and Franco's troops as mostly good joes.)

A good deal of heavyweight drama follows, much of it involving a holy relic that the villains want to get their hands on. Joseph Cotten honors cinematic tradition as a U.S. war correspondent. He wears an eye patch and is dressed in what looks like an Italian tailor's interpretation of Winston Churchill's siren suit. Nunnally Johnson is deeply involved; he wrote the film and directed it.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs (Worner) is a friendly, fairly shrewd but not really profound look at some inhabitants of a small Oklahoma town. The time is the early 1920s, and this is William Inge country—several hundred miles safely north of the swamps of Tennessee Williams and Carson McCullers, but still south of that region where Booth Tarkington's characters inhabit a perpetual fishworm and firecracker July. The people in the film made from Inge's 1957 Broadway hit have problems, but they do not include necrophilia, cannibalism or self-mutilation with garden shears; the difficulties are the sort a strong man can stare in the eye.

The strong man in question is a boisterous and usually self-confident fellow who is troubled because his wife nags him about money and keeps primly to her own side of the bed, his young schoolboy son is ragged by bullies, his daughter is afraid of boys, and he himself, being a harness salesman in the decade of the tin lizzie, has lost his job. Pat Hingle gave the Broadway role a ring of rowdiness soured by doubt. Robert (*The Music Man*) Preston performs rousing in the considerably enlarged film part. But the ring of his lines is not doubt—it is seventy-six trombones.

Playwright Inge's intention, put oversimply, was to show that each soul has its dark places, and that people can, with love, help each other past these stairtops. Actor Preston just does not behave like a man afraid of the dark. He roars about, spending energy as if he could plow a field without a horse. The viewer knows that Preston will get another job, and

can only grin when the frustrated fellow complains that his wife (Dorothy McGuire) treats him "like change from a nickel" and thunders out of the house vowing that "Ah'm goan to see Mavis Pruitt and ah'm goan to raise every other kind of hell ah kin think of."

The curious thing is that although this moving picture is schizoid, most of its faces are worth attention. The problems—Preston's apart—are convincingly presented, and in general the solutions are not pat. Actress McGuire plays a limited part well, and Shirley Knight is outstandingly effective as the tormented daughter.



PRESTON & MCGUIRE IN "THE DARK"
North of Tennessee, south of Booth.

Between shouting matches, Actor Preston gaily galumphs through some fine, if slightly incongruous, comedy scenes. Director Delbert Mann handles these scenes well, and only occasionally does he allow situations to descend to the level that is fondly known in the women's fiction trade as "heartwarming."

All the Fine Young Cannibals (Avon; M-G-M) proves once again that while inspiration may falter, color cameras never get tired. The anthropophagi of the title are four unpleasant young folks from Texas (Robert Wagner, Natalie Wood, George Hamilton and Susan Kohner). Poor Boy Wagner loves Poor Girl Wood—carelessly, as it turns out. Spurning his offer of honorable wedlock, she boards an eastbound train, meets suave Yaleman Hamilton and, smelling riches, lets herself be plied with strong drink from his portable pigskin bar. He has her way with her, so to speak. Later, learning that Natalie is pregnant and not suspecting that he is not the father, Hamilton marries the girl and rents a

mansion in New Haven that is conveniently near to classes.

Actress Kohner is a young woman with excellent teeth who plays Hamilton's sister. Her lines run to such glass-crackers as "ah had to convince Mother that ah would commit mah very own suicide if ah didn't have mah way." Eventually she tries suicide her very own way, and the script implies that her parents are largely to blame. In fact, the film is very severe with parents; all the brats have culpable elders.

Soon the scene shifts from the sinful luxury of the Ivy League to the saloons of New York. Actor Wagner, the Texan left behind, has become a huge success as, of all things, a trumpet player. To spite Natalie, he marries Susan, which seems to be carrying spite too far. For a while it looks as if the four young marrieds will not live happily ever after, but the only character who comes to a bad end is Singer Pearl Bailey. She is supposed to be a blues singer dying of unrequited love, but actually her malady looks more like embarrassment.

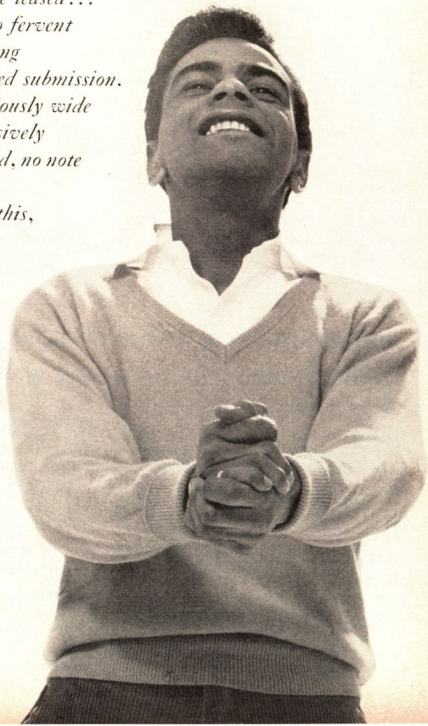
Day of the Painter (Little Movies), an extremely funny 15-minute film, may be taken as a solemn leg-pull of the recent vogue for dribble-and-splotch painters, those athletic canvas-coverers whose style owes less to Van Gogh's brush technique than to Stan Laurel's custard pie stance. Or it may be taken as an explicit set of instructions for getting rich.

The film, a first-time effort by three ex-actors, begins with a loving shot of wharfs, fishing shacks and the sounding sea—the sort of vista once sketched avidly by artists and now appreciated chiefly by retired couples who tour Cape Cod in late September. The artist is a burly fellow (Ezra Reuben Baker), recognizably aesthetic in paint-smeared dungarees, scurriously red sweater and combat boots. He trundles a cart filled with paint buckets along a dock, then throws an enormous sheet of wallboard down on a mud flat ten feet below.

Soberly, with exquisite skill, using first a vigorous forehead, then a precisely executed backhand, the painter slogs color from buckets. Clearly he is a master, for his stroke with the long-handled hoe is sure and strong, his touch with the dribble-stick more than Japanese in its delicacy. And when he fills a flare pistol with paint and fires the last accent of orange at his abstraction, he does not pull the trigger. He squeezes.

When the thing dries, he hacks it up in random rectangles with a power saw, then carefully signs each fragment. A seaplane, labeled "Galerie des Abstracts, Paris-New York," touches down. A man debarks whose rich, dark overcoat obviously proclaims him an art dealer. He strokes his jaw as he examines the paintings, eventually selects a small one, shakes hands with the painter and takes off. Pleased with himself, the painter matter-of-factly shoves the remaining works of art into the ocean. This, as the screen truly proclaims, is the end.

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Though millions swore off it for good, this product found a new way to higher sales

How SPAM—cussed and discussed by GI's the world over—is today gaining an even bigger market than ever before.

One of the best known symbols of World War II was SPAM. It traveled around the world to war-torn countries fortunate enough to receive SPAM as part of American lend-lease. But GI's, with a contempt bred by over-familiarity, would tell you that "SPAM is ham that didn't pass its physical." And, at one time or another, millions vowed never to eat another bite.

Perhaps they didn't count on the healing effects of time . . . or perhaps they really had a hidden fondness for SPAM. But, only a few years after World War II, SPAM was once again a family favorite. By 1958, it was the most popular 12-ounce canned meat on the market, accounting for 41% of all sales in its field.

But where, Hormel wondered, could it go from there? And how could it best meet the heavy competitive fire always directed at the top product?

At that point, Hormel and its advertising agency, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, turned to Reader's Digest. And so began another remarkable chapter in the saga of SPAM.

Higher sales by the advertisement

Says R. D. Arney, vice president in charge of Hormel's Flavor-Sealed division:

"Even in the face of a then declining market for 12-oz. canned luncheon meat, SPAM sales went up. In 1959, we advertised SPAM five times in the Digest and sold 6,600,000 more cans than in the previous year—or 1,320,000 more cans per advertisement. In total volume that meant an increase of over 10%. It raised our share of market to 45%."

For *Dinty Moore Beef Stew* and *Mary Kitchen Roast*



"Easy, son—your Uncle Joe and I haven't had seconds on SPAM yet."

Beef Hash, Mr. Arney reports equally satisfying results:

"These brands have been faced with more and more competitors—most of them selling at lower prices. By using the Digest we reach a huge and prosperous audience that is interested in *quality*—and can afford to pay premium prices for our top-grade products.

"As a result, we have held our share of market from coast to coast. And this tough competitive job has largely been done through the Digest."

In 1960 Hormel is again putting the largest slice of its advertising in Reader's Digest.

Same advantages can work for you

Your company can benefit from the same advantages that are making Hormel's advertising so effective. For example, because of the wealth of stimulating reading in the magazine, the typical Digest reader looks into each issue about *five different times*. Result:

This audience of 35 million people will look at your own advertisement—in one issue—over 60 million times. That's double the chances to sell that you would get in the other leading magazines studied in the latest Politz research . . . giving you a significant cost advantage.

And the advantage over TV is even greater. For each thousand chances to sell (or "exposures"), the cost is *less than half* that of television.*

Reader's Digest also offers these other *exclusive* advantages to help your sales:

- 1. The largest proven audience of readers.** It is larger than any other magazine, larger than any newspaper or newspaper supplement. More people read the Digest than look at the average nighttime network television program.
- 2. The largest quality audience that can be found.** More people with greater spending power read the Digest than any other magazine. And you will find that the higher the income group, the greater the Digest's share of the audience.
- 3. Discrimination in the advertising accepted.** The Digest alone of major media accepts no alcoholic beverages, no tobacco, no patent medicines.
- 4. Belief in what the magazine publishes.** People have faith in its editorial and advertising columns alike.

*Based on the costs for a black-and-white page in Reader's Digest and a 1-minute commercial on the average nighttime network television program.



People have faith in
Reader's Digest
 Largest magazine circulation in the U.S.
 Over 12,000,000 copies bought monthly



The
ONE and ONLY
name that
ALWAYS
means
BOTTLED
IN BOND

**KENTUCKY
BOURBON**

to give you more
flavor... the ultimate
in Bourbon enjoyment



YOUR KEY TO HOSPITALITY

STITZEL-WELLER America's Oldest Family Distillery • Estab. Louisville, Ky., 1849 • 100 Proof Straight Bourbon Whiskey

MILESTONES

Died. Hazza Majali, 44, pro-Western Premier of Jordan for the past 16 months, a tent-dwelling Bedouin chieftain's son and a Syrian University lawyer; in a bomb explosion; in Amman, Jordan (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. James Shamus ("Jimmy") Slatery, 56, stylish, lightning-quick "dancing master" of boxing from 1921 to 1935, onetime light-heavyweight champion; of tuberculosis, which he had been fighting since the early 1940s; in Buffalo, where he had worked in recent years tending roses in a public park.

Died. Martin D. Whitaker, 58, nuclear physicist and president since 1946 of Lehigh University, who during World War II organized and directed the Clinton Laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tenn., which pioneered in the production of plutonium for use in the first atomic bomb; of cancer; in Bethlehem, Pa.

Died. Sir Hisamuddin Alam Shah, 62, Paramount Ruler of Malaya since his election to a five-year term last April under the Federation's unusual rotating kingship system, a onetime farmer, who became Sultan of the state of Selangor in 1938; following hospitalization for a viral infection; in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.

Died. Dowager Lady Bailey, 69, only daughter of the fifth Baron Rossmore and widow of South African Mining Magnate Sir Abe Bailey, a dauntless aviatrix who, after learning to fly in 1926, soon set an altitude record for light planes, subsequently survived at least three forced landings—in Russia, Tanganyika and the Sahara—to ferry World War II craft for the R.A.F. at age 50; of cancer; in Cape Town, South Africa.

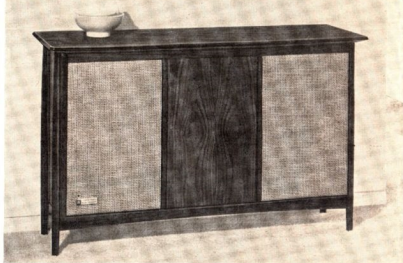
Died. Vicki (born Hedwig) Baum, 72, a Viennese-born harpist and Berlin magazine editor, author of more than 30 novels, who—following her 1931 bestseller and Broadway smash, *Grand Hotel*—took up film writing in Hollywood ("where, thank heaven, I failed, and so saved my life") and U.S. citizenship ("I fell in love with the country"), but never again equaled her first success; of leukemia; in Hollywood.

Died. Dr. G. (for George) Canby Robinson, 81, medical administrator and a pioneer in psychosomatic medicine, director of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical College Association from 1928 to 1935, and head of the World War II American Red Cross Blood Donor Service which raised 13 million pints of plasma for the armed forces; after a long illness; in Greenport, L.I.

Died. Dr. Francis Everett Townsend, 93, California visionary, whose pension plan never came to pass; of pneumonia; in Los Angeles (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Natural Beauty

V-M



• IN STEREOGRAPHIC HIGH FIDELITY! • IN STYLING SPLENDOR!

Stereophonic recordings preserve the *natural* musical beauty of the "live" performance. V-M Stereophonic High-Fidelity phonographs bring you this beautifully natural music housed in the warm, natural beauty of "Genuine" furniture-wood console cabinets and in convenient, sprightly portables.

V-M/High-Fidelity Stereophonic Console Phonograph — Model 816 • Styled with Danish Contemporary influence in hand-rubbed, Genuine Walnut • Powerful dual full-frequency range speaker systems.....\$350.00*

The "Songstar"—V-M Stereo Model 309 • Tri-Audio Speaker System—a 4" speaker in each detachable section and a giant 6" x 9" speaker in the central unit • Revolutionary new V-M Automatic Manual-Play Feature • Star-Strudded Gold and White Case \$99.95*



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V-M CORPORATION • BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

ALL ACROSS T



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Thousands of properties from coast-to-coast are enjoying outstanding cash savings with General Insurance Company of America. These savings are possible because General insures only well-maintained "Preferred Risk" properties... losses are fewer and the savings are passed on to policyholders. Almost any type of property—whether business, industrial, hospital, school, apartment, church, office or public

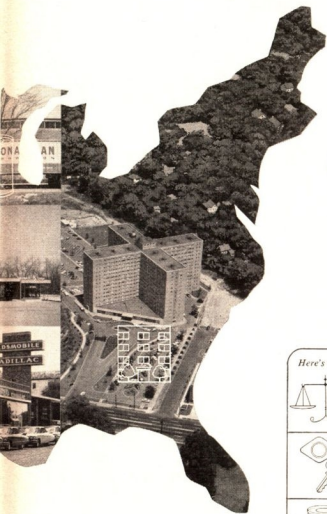
building—that qualifies as a "Preferred Risk" can reduce insurance costs with General.

COMPLETE PROTECTION—Lower premiums are just one of many reasons General's "Preferred Risk" commercial plans are good business. General also offers the finest, most complete commercial insurance protection programs available today.

SERVICE—Another important advan-

tage of insuring with General is service. A network of over 800 Company claims men stand ready to serve you *day or night*; your independent, professional General agent will always be as near to you as your telephone. Look him up in the Yellow Pages today. He'll show you *exactly* how complete insurance with General of America makes common sense and means *dollars and cents savings!*

THE COUNTRY



GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Companion Companies: **SAFECO Insurance Company of America** (money-saving auto insurance) and **LIFECO Insurance Company of America** (years ahead approach to life insurance)
Home Office: Seattle. Division Offices: New York, Atlanta, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Dallas, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, Canada.

Here's what General's commercial policyholders are saying all across the country:



Burnaby Municipal Hall, Burnaby, British Columbia. Insured through C. "Tip" Robertson. Mr. Alan H. Emmott, vice of this growing Pacific Coast metropolitan area, says: "This is a progressive community and we like the progressive way General provides complete fire insurance under one policy."



The Village Green Motor Hotel, south of Eugene, Oregon. Insured through Mards & McLennan-Crook & Company, Inc. Carlton Woodard, president, Woodard Hotels, Inc., says: "General's 'Moteltowners Combination Policy' is tailor-made to my needs. General does a better job of combining the three basic requirements of any insurance: simplicity, price and complete protection."



National Can Corporation. Insured through Tompkins & Company, San Francisco, California. Harry Edgewick, treasurer, says: "As a coast-to-coast company we need coast-to-coast service. General provides us with this service at the right price."



Breck Medical Center, Rock Hill, Missouri. Insured through the Mueller & Milford Insurance Agency. Donald E. Breckendish, owner of his modern new medical center, says: "Being a General 'Preferred Risk' has meant substantial savings to me. My agent's service and General's prompt and fair settlement of their own claims is second to none in my experience. They're good people to do business with."



Charles Maund Oldsmobile Cadillac, Inc., Beaumont, Texas. Insured through the William Gammon Insurance Agency. Charles Maund, president, says: "Believe it or not I've saved \$859.32 the last year by insuring with General. Besides this tremendous savings, General and my agent give me outstanding service."



Darlington Apartments, Atlanta, Georgia. Insured through Gloor Hailey & Associates. This beautifully designed apartment building enjoys savings, fast claims service and the convenience of having all its fire and extended coverage insurance with one agent and one company—General Insurance Company of America.

ART



HOKUSAI'S "TUNING THE SAMISEN"

"Every Line Will Be Alive"

At 80, he was found one day weeping at his workbench because he thought that he had not learned enough about the art of drawing. On his deathbed nine years later, he cried out in anguish, "If heaven would only grant me ten more years, or only five, I might still become a great artist." Katsushika Hokusai need not have so tormented himself; by the time he died in 1849, he was one of the finest—and certainly the most appealing—painters Japan ever produced. Proof of his talent could be seen last week at the Smithsonian Institution's Freer Gallery, which this summer decided to honor—with a rare exhibit of Hokusai's paintings and drawings—both the 200th anniversary of Hokusai's birth and the 100th anniversary of the treaty that opened Japan to the West.

Born in the old capital of Edo, where Tokyo stands today, Hokusai was brought up by a maker of mirrors from whom he learned the rudiments of design. But before he settled down to being an artist himself, he took on every kind of work from running errands to selling red peppers to writing cheap novels. Fortunately, he was a born showman and soon began to attract attention. Once he painted a portrait so large that a horse could have walked through the mouth of the subject. He also painted a couple of sparrows so

small that they could be seen only through a magnifying glass. On another occasion, he astounded the Shogun Ienari by doing a kind of pioneer action painting. He dipped a rooster's feet in some paint, let it wander across a wide piece of paper, triumphantly labeled the result: *Maple Leaves Floating on the Tatsuta River*.

93 Homes, 50 Names. If no brush was available, he would paint with his fingers—or with an egg, a bottle or a cucumber. During the famine of 1836 he kept himself in food by inviting his more fortunate neighbors in to cover pieces of paper with lines and splotches which he would quickly link together into a design and then sign. The price of such do-it-yourself art was whatever rice the neighbor could spare. Hokusai's fame spread, but he was never far from disaster.

Except for one daughter, his children and grandchildren turned out to be a band of ruthless spongers. And Hokusai himself never did understand about money. He would pay off a shopkeeper's bill with a packet of yen that he had not even bothered to count. When all such packets were gone, he would escape his creditors by simply moving out of his house. In 89 years, he had 93 homes and used at least 50 names.

Old Man Mad. But for all his eccentricities, he faithfully lived up to the name he gave himself at 45—"The Old Man

Mad About Painting." He was one of the last of the great masters of the school of the Floating World. The term has never been satisfactorily explained, but many of Hokusai's creations do have an ethereal quality that makes them seem to hang in mid-air. Legend has it that some of his drawings were used to wrap up pieces of porcelain that were exported to Paris. In this way, so the story goes, he was discovered by the impressionists.

He was above all a supreme draftsman whose impeccable lines and fragrant colors could bubble with humor or sing with sadness. A drunkard tipsily shows off his strength by weight-lifting a barrel; two men get happily looped on a sake binge; a maiden frowns over a sour note she has struck while tuning her samisen; a ragged little urchin sits perched in a tree while majestic Mount Fuji soars incongruously in the distance. Under Hokusai's brush, Japan emerges as more than a floating land of stylized ritual; he had learned the secret he did not expect to know until he was 110, when "every dot and every line from my brush will be alive."

The Individualists

Only a year or so ago, almost every major showing of current U.S. painting concentrated on the abstract expressionists. Either there were more of them, or they painted better, or the museum directors favored them. But now museum directors are branching out. This week Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art opens a new show of artists in their 20s and early 30s that gives a good—and broader—sampling of what the new generation is up to. As in any group show—especially of young painters—the exhibit is uneven; what is most refreshing about it is the extraordinary individualism of its artists.

One of the youngest of the group is William Thomas Wiley, a 22-year-old student at the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco. Something of a beatnik, Wiley was until a year ago "very high on Zen," then suddenly he began concentrating on the everyday things he saw around him. He started painting bits of Americana—striped bunting, an Angel of Liberty, eagles, cops and kids—"because I was almost ashamed I hadn't been seeing these things before." His *Fire Crackers Sold Here* only suggests the firecracker stand; the rest cracks and blazes like July 4 itself. "I have started with the obvious," says Wiley, "which I hope to



NEWMAN



BRODERSON



WRITHING OCEAN of live, flamelike forms, Daniel Newman's fiery *Tempest* is one answer to the artist's unending quest for "a visual metaphor for energy and growth."

GALLERY

BORN DEAF, Californian Morris Broderson paints mute square figures alone in their static silence. In *Chicken Market*, even fowl strain, but fail to make themselves heard

MRS. DONALD KELLOGG





BOOKBINDER

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In suburb or city, for business or pleasure, people rely on the mail. Fact is, people count on envelopes for all sorts of important jobs—like delivering an insurance policy, sending news from home, announcing a new arrival. Just as people depend on paper, paper depends on people—their skills and abilities, their singleness of purpose—to make and deliver the best. At Champion, our people are one of our biggest assets. Another good reason why Champion Sets the Pace in Papermaking.



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evolve into the more subtle language of the things I see and love."

Un-New, Un-Angry. German-born Siegfried Reinhardt of St. Louis has had no formal art training, but by the time he was eleven was intent on becoming a painter. A big (6 ft. 2 in.) and muscular 35, he went through an abstract phase ("esthetic nonsense," he calls it now), has since developed a wholly figurative style, which he boasts is "un-new, un-experimental" and "un-angry." His main subject now, he says, is humanity, seen as the eternal lonely crowd—a torrent of faces and figures that gush out of "strange architectural settings that are unrelated to any recognizable place in the world."

Two of the Whitney artists are Orientals—Ben Kamihira, 35, a Japanese American, and Dale Joe, 32, whose grandparents came from China. Kamihira's figures are as recognizable as Reinhardt's, though he may start a canvas with no more inspiration than a desire to paint a pleasingly bed-room scene *Interior* or his somber *Funeral Couch*, his pictures have a way of building into scenes of complexity and grandeur. Dale Joe, on the other hand, produces abstractions as delicate as gossamer. "I may start with a bit of the human body," says he, "and it becomes a landscape, or I start a landscape and there's a human leg in it. Once I began a landscape with trees. Then I destroyed the trees, which destroyed the perspective. It became an aerial scene in the manner of Chinese painting. But there was one arm left in it that threw the whole painting off equilibrium. Everything calm was in that area, so I called it *Pocket*."

Fierce but Lyrical. Daniel Newman, 31, whose *Tempest* is shown here (see color), earns half his living teaching acting and pantomime in New York's Rockland County. As in acting, he looks for "gestures that are instantly recognizable for all men anywhere," and he finds these gestures in the movement of the elements. His canvases are wild but disciplined, fierce but lyrical—as is nature itself—in the swirl of the wind, the leap of flame, a cascade of water.

Chicken Market (see color) is the work of Morris Broderson, 31, who lives by himself in a small rented house in Los Angeles. His childhood was spent in a series of schools for the deaf, and in time he learned to read lips and to talk, though he must often resort to scribbling out his thoughts on the big yellow pad he usually has with him. Once a race-track janitor, he puts things on canvas that should be cruel and repellent but turn out to be all compassion. In Tijuana, he once saw the carcass of a bull that had just been killed in the ring, and upon it the treader had placed some red roses. After that, Broderson did a series of dead bulls whose bloated bodies sprouted bouquets of flowers. Once a friend told him of having seen a small child wandering through a field "listening to the sound of flowers." Says Broderson: "This is a theme I'll be working on for the rest of my life. To me it is a beautiful thought."

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NEW ISSUE

August 31, 1960

\$125,000,000

Republic Steel Corporation

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Dated September 1, 1960

Due September 1, 1985

Price 99% and accrued interest

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Hear



Christ & EDUCATION

"Knowledge without Christ is to know too little..."

Prof. Martin L. Koehnke,
Teachers College President, on
The LUTHERAN HOUR, Sunday, Sept. 11
See local paper for time and station



The flavor
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longer...

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From now
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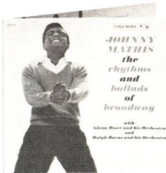
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A handsome two-volume set of
24 Broadway classics
REGULAR C2L 17
STEREO C2S 803



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SCIENCE

From Way Out

At Volcano Ranch, 20 miles west of Albuquerque, a group of 19 small, coop-like structures covers a grassy, mile-wide plain. Inside each coop are four disks, each one meter across and wrapped in black plastic. From the disks, cables run to a central building crammed with oscilloscopes and other delicate gear. Last week the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, institutional proprietor of all this apparatus, announced that it has detected a cosmic ray (high-speed particle) that came to the earth from a foreign galaxy millions of light years away in the far depths of space. This was eye-opening scientific news.

Cosmic rays have long been a fascinating and controversial subject among scientists. It is generally agreed that most low-speed cosmic rays are particles shot out of the sun, but that those with higher energy must come from somewhere else. The late Enrico Fermi thought they came from interstellar magnetic fields which gradually speed up protons and other charged particles moving between the stars of the Milky Way galaxy (the earth itself is a small satellite to one of the smaller stars in this galaxy). But this theory could not account for rays whose energy is above a critical limit. The galaxy's overall magnetic field can make fairly powerful rays curve enough to stay inside it, but if the rays acquire more than about 10^{15} (1 billion billion) electron volts, the galactic field cannot hold them. Such rays will shoot off and be lost in intergalactic space. So cosmic-ray experts reason that if rays hit the earth with more than 10^{15} electron volts, they must come from some unknown accelerating force that works outside the galaxy.

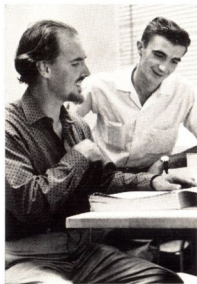
Counting Showers. For many years Professor Bruno Rossi of M.I.T. has hunted for cosmic rays above this critical limit. The original energy of a cosmic ray can be measured by counting the secondary particles that it showers down on the earth after colliding with air molecules in the high atmosphere. If its energy is 10^{16} (10 million billion) electron volts, it generates millions of particles, mostly electrons and mesons which spread over many acres of ground. More powerful rays give even bigger showers.

Rossi's ray catcher at Volcano Ranch is an array of scintillation counters that gives electrical signals whenever fast-moving particles hit it. If a shower looks interesting, its record is transferred to tabulator cards and analyzed by a computer at Kirtland Air Force Base. The final answer tells the ray's energy when it hit the top of the atmosphere and caused the shower.

The detector started work last fall, and on Dec. 3 Irma Argandoña, a student from Bolivia, noting by scanning the raw data that something unusual had happened at nine minutes after midnight.

She gave the record sheet (No. 026508) to Dr. John Linsley, one of her immediate superiors at the Volcano Ranch installation, but he put it aside for more pressing matters. Seven weeks ago it was processed and sent to the Kirtland computer—thence back to Volcano Ranch for final appraisal.

Computer Gives Up. There, late one night four weeks ago, Dr. Linsley was studying a pile of computer reports from Kirtland. He came to the Dec. 3 shower. The report started like many others, but toward the end the computer wrote in effect: "I give up." Linsley said to his



Arch Napier

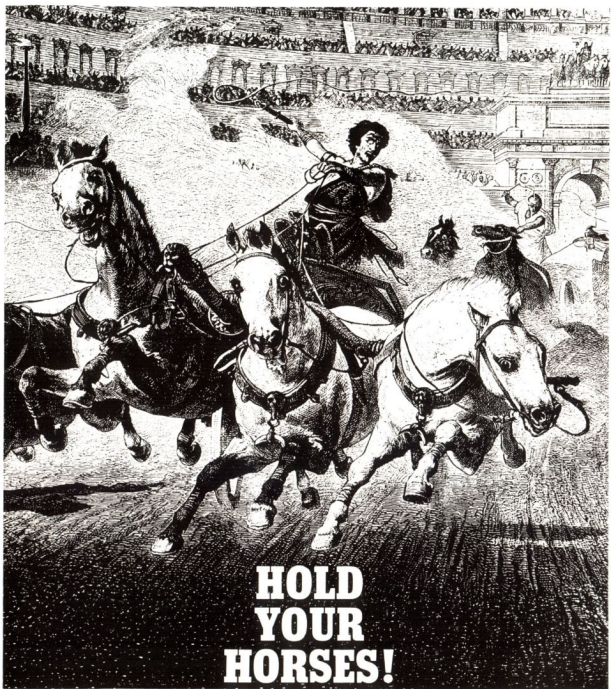
RAY CATCHERS LINSLEY & SCARSI
After billions of years, a shower.

wife, "I see something crazy." and went to work with his slide rule. Half an hour later he telephoned his colleague, Dr. Livio Scarsi: "I think we may have something."

Next morning the shower caught by Record No. 026508 went back to the Kirtland computer for a special full-dress analysis. Next day Dr. Linsley got the exciting news. The shower peppered the ground with 10 billion particles, and when it hit the atmosphere, it carried 20 to 40 billion billion electron volts. This made it by far the most powerful ray ever detected. Its energy, far above the critical limit, proved that it must have come from outside the Milky Way galaxy. Very likely it had been traveling for billions of years, pushed by unknown forces from an unknown source.

How Insects Fly

With their proportionately bulky bodies supported by puny wings, many flying insects look about as airworthy as a Mack truck. French zoologist Antoine Magnan once studied bumblebees for several years, reached the conclusion that their ability to



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NOW QANTAS FLIES TO ROME

Here comes the sweetest chariot of all to Italy . . . the luxurious Qantas 707 jet! First lap leaps from San Francisco and New York to London; second scoots you straight to Rome. And all the while, you gallop along at nearly ten miles a minute—with 21,600 horses to whoosh you on your way! Want to make sure you get aboard? Race straight to any travel agent—or Qantas in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu, and Vancouver. (Also BOAC, general sales agents, in major U.S. cities.)

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40
YEARS OF
FLYING

In
10
seconds
flat...



Discover
the
"closest
thing
to a
second
shave"

Ten seconds. That's all it takes to rub on Mennen Shave Talc after a shave. And what a difference those ten seconds make. Blemishes and skin irritations disappear. Shaving shine and redness vanish. And as for that last trace of beard—well, it's just as if you *had* shaved twice. Not even a shadow remains. Nobody sees the talc, either—skin-tone Mennen blends right in. Many men use Mennen Shave Talc twice a day. Right after shaving. And just before dinner. Either time it's the "closest thing to a second shave."



...closest thing to a second shave

fly defied all known physical principles. The secret of this kind of flight lies in rapid wing beats. The tiny midge beats its wings 1,000 times per second to stay airborne, each beat contributing a minute amount of lift.

Scientists have long known that the muscle contractions necessary to produce these rapid wing beats are not triggered individually by nerve stimulus, as in birds. Nerves cannot work that fast. How then does the midge fly? In Britain's *New Scientist*, Professor Vincent B. Wigglesworth, extracting reports by other European scientists, supplies the answer: midges—and presumably other similar insects—are automatic flying machines. A midge's muscular motor works in much the same way as a piston engine. Once the ignition is turned on, the engine keeps running until the ignition is turned off or the fuel exhausted.

Midge flight is controlled by two sets of opposed, springlike muscles in the insect's thorax. Acting through elastic structures in the thorax wall, one muscle set draws the wings up, the other pulls them down. At a specific point on the upswing, the wings "click" to a fully elevated position, the elevating muscles automatically relax, and the tautly stretched depressing muscles take over. The same sequence is repeated on the downswing. The flying muscles do not need to be triggered by nerve commands. The insect's nerves serve only to start and stop the process—like the car's ignition.

Insect muscles that burn fat are fairly economical, but those that burn carbohydrates such as glycogen are lavish with fuel. Reports Wigglesworth: the carbohydrate-fueled fruit fly, *Drosophila*, can stay aloft for five hours at a stretch, but it beats its wings 250 times per second, and it burns up 10% of its body weight during an hour's flight—proportionately as much fuel as a 600 m.p.h. jet airliner. *Drosophila's* cruising speed: 2-3 m.p.h.

Do-It-Yourself Taxidermy

"It's getting harder and harder to find a good taxidermist these days," says John Anglin, chief of exhibits at Washington's Smithsonian Institution. "Young people just don't go into this field any more." For the Smithsonian—which normally employs six taxidermists—and for other U.S. museums there is good news: an inexpensive, do-it-yourself process that may make the taxidermist's knife and needle as obsolete as a black snake's cast-off skin.

Responsible for the method is Dr. Harold T. Meryman of the Naval Medical Research Institute at Bethesda, Md., who stumbled onto the new-type taxidermy after a peanut butter-baited mousetrap at his home snared an unsuspecting cardinal. "I felt so bad about it," says Meryman, "that I decided I ought to give the bird a place in posterity." No taxidermist. Biophysicist Meryman, 39, tried an experiment. Posing the cardinal carefully, he first froze its joints into position with liquid nitrogen, then popped the bird into his kitchen freezer. When the moisture in



MERYMAN & FROZEN-DRIED FOX
Next: people?

the bird's body had turned to ice, Meryman used a vacuum pump and a chemical desiccant to remove the water in the form of vapor from the frozen body. The result: a thoroughly dehydrated but intact specimen suitable for display.

Meryman's office now looks like a wildlife refuge. A red fox poses hungrily on a bookcase. A black crow, wings outstretched, sits on a windowsill. Brightly colored small birds perch on pencil tops, and a brown bat swings malevolently from the ceiling, suspended by a nearly invisible wire. All look amazingly lifelike, preserved by Meryman's "freeze-dry" process and apparently able to stay in good condition indefinitely. The fox was shot by Meryman when it invaded his hen house. "He accounted for 27 hens," says Meryman, "before I freeze-dried him." The other specimens were collected along the shoulders of busy Southern highways. Says Meryman: "I'm always looking for well-preserved traffic casualties."

The freeze-dry technique is not new; it has commonly been used to preserve water-soluble drugs and blood plasma. But Meryman was first to apply it to taxidermy, and he has accumulated abundant data on the drying time of various animals. Small insects take only 24 hours to freeze-dry. A garter snake needs eight days, and a red squirrel requires four to six weeks in the vacuum chamber. From the scientist's point of view, freeze-drying has one big advantage over standard commercial taxidermy: the animals' internal organs remain intact, can be reconstituted for study or dissection simply by restoring their water.

Meryman has been retained as a Smithsonian consultant, is in Europe now to lecture on freeze-drying. In the meantime, he is looking for new applications of the freeze-dry technique. One possibility: embalming. "What I really need," says Meryman, "is volunteers."

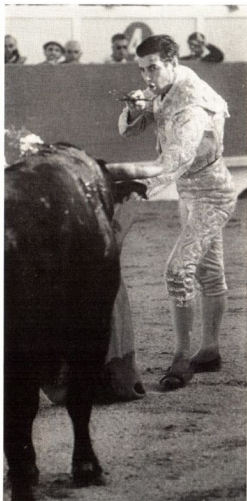


Good Looking, Good Reading

The U.S.-Canadian border stretches 3,987 miles, the longest undefended boundary in the world. Each year 100 million travelers cross it; few see the breadth and beauty of the frontier *LIFE* has captured for you this week in eight pages of color photographs.



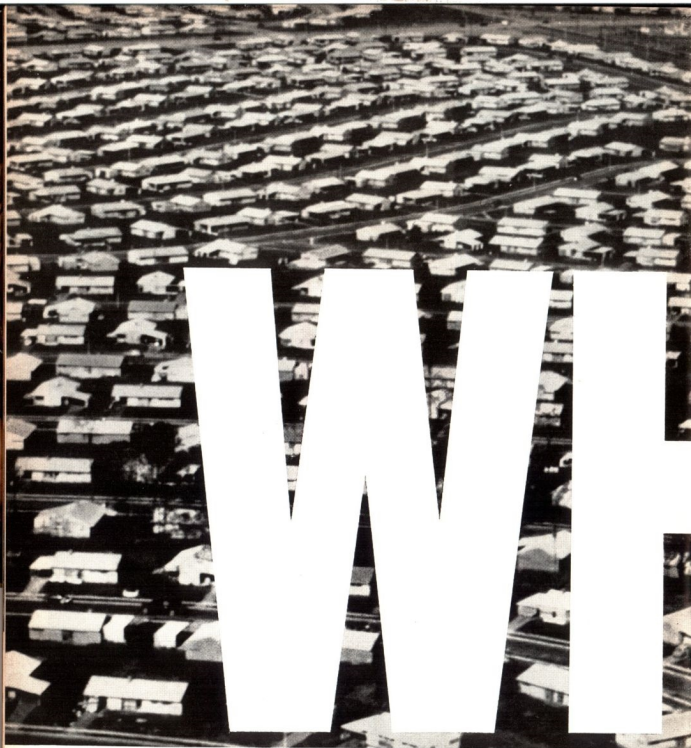
Victories—and stunning defeats—marked the U.S. Olympic team's first week of competition in Rome. You'll see it all in *LIFE*'s on-the-spot word and picture report that includes four pages of full-color photos.



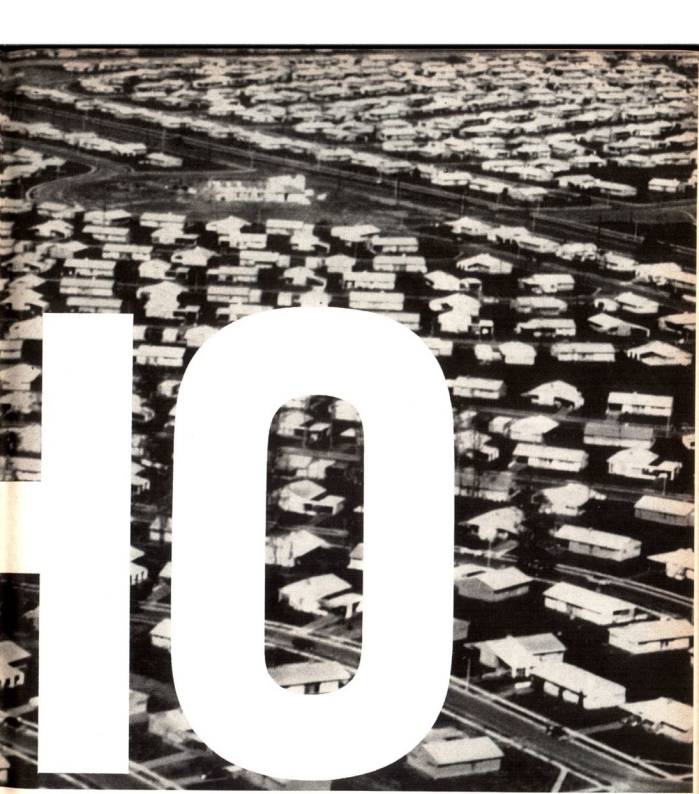
The increasingly bitter rivalry between Spain's two foremost matadors draws one of them closer to destruction in this week's exciting instalment from *The Dangerous Summer*, Ernest Hemingway's brilliant new book.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE



will finance the new homes of the 1960's?



To meet the housing needs of America's exploding population, some 13,500,000 privately financed new homes will be needed by America's families in the next ten years. Where will the billions of dollars to finance these homes come from?

Currently, Insured Savings and Loan Associations are making more loans for the construction of homes than any other type of financial institution. During the 1960's the greatest demand for home financing will fall on these Associations.

It is a challenge they accept . . . pledging themselves to continue to serve you in the future as they have in the past.

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*Let's all register
... let's all vote!*

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Great Question

The plateau position of the U.S. economy is a subject of discussion and debate not only in the U.S. but around the world. The big question: Will the U.S. slide into a recession or take off on another rise?

London's *Economist* led the field in concern for the health of the patient. In an article called "Recession Round the Corner?" it reported that "Government officials in Washington are beginning to ask themselves privately whether a recession is in the making. A number of businessmen and responsible economists think that a decline is already under way."

The *Economist's* view raised the ire of Raymond Saulnier, chief economic adviser to the President, who wondered whether any "Government economists" feel as the *Economist* reported. He, for one, sees no recession in the near future. Said Saulnier: "Bear in mind that the U.S. economy is operating at a very high level, whether measured by employment, by production or by the aggregate of income payments. Furthermore, there are strong forces at work that favor further advances: the greater availability and lower cost of credit, high and rising incomes, a high level of retail sales, and—by no means the least—stable prices."

"The Disappearing Boom." But the *Economist* was not alone in its concerned view from abroad. The French financial weekly, *La Vie Française*, lamented that "for more than a year, it has been evident that a real 'boom' in the American economy is impossible." The London *Financial Times* predicted that "this year seems fated to go down in history as the year of the disappearing boom." Giro Koike,

senior managing director of Japan's Yamaichi Securities Co., said that many leaders of Japanese industry, who are watching the U.S. economy, feel that the U.S. has entered a definite plateau and may be in for a period of readjustment.

Along with their concern that the U.S. economy's performance is not up to par, many European businessmen also worried about economic conditions in their own front yard. Says Cristiano Garaguso, chief of the Rome office of *24 Hours*, Italy's most authoritative financial daily: "There may be a light U.S. recession next year, but it won't be long or serious. I am much more worried about the overexpansion of capital and overoptimism in Europe."

Khrushchev Disease. In the U.S., few strong voices were predicting imminent recession, but there was concern over the failure of business to move forward energetically. Boston Fund, Inc., a mutual fund, reported that it is "not too optimistic" about the economy. *Banking*, journal of the American Bankers Association, blamed the lack of boom spirit in the economy on the uncertainties of the November election and on "Khrushchev disease, a sort of exquisitely planned economic and political confusion." From Detroit came the gloomiest reading of all. Writing of the national housing picture in *Midwest Housing Markets*, President Irving Rose of Advance Mortgage Corp. reported that "housing activity, both new and used, is in decline in most of the cities in our survey, for the third consecutive quarter. We may have to adjust to a lower level of housing activity than we were accustomed to in the decade of the '50s. Housing may have lost much of its usefulness to the managers of the national economy as a contracyclical weapon."

Rolling with the Punches

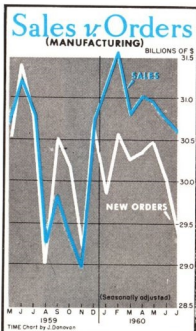
From the Commerce Department came some disquieting news: according to the latest figures (July), manufacturers as a group have stopped adding to inventories.

The rush to replenish inventories after the steel strike was one of the factors that got the year off to a good start, caused a hefty \$900 million increase in inventories in January. But because of business caution—and better inventory controls (*TIME*, July 11)—many manufacturers, especially those who overstocked, have been steadily cutting down each month on what they buy for their inventories.

In July, reported the Commerce Department, inventories showed a net decline of \$200 million (to \$54.9 billion), thus breaking through the no-purchase point for the first net decline in nine months. What this means is that inventory buying has all but dried up, and that manufacturers are making their sales from the shelf, eating into their backlogs. It also means that new orders are down (by 2% in July); they have dropped more sharply below manufacturers' new sales, which declined only slightly in July.

Dark Side. The drop in inventories is a foreboding sign to pessimists. For one, companies that are using their shelf stock to meet sales will eventually have to replenish their stock. But what pleased Government economists was the inventory decline's minor effect on the economy. Although inventory retrenchment has been going on for months, the economy has been able to absorb the loss without any great damage. The question now was how long the inventory decline would continue.

What about the rest of the year? Economists agree that third-quarter gross national product figures will show almost no increase over the second quarter. With all the recent talk of recession, they had begun to fear that expenditures for plant and equipment might fall off later



ECONOMIST SAULNIER

Recession? Not in the near future.

Jim Mahan

ter. Since January, reported the First National City Bank of New York, industrial production has shown "a classic pattern of rolling readjustment." Right now, that readjustment shows just enough recessive tendencies to prevent the economy from moving forward strongly but not enough to knock it into a recession. If auto sales live up to hopes, the whole picture could change rapidly.

RAILROADS

Strike on the Pennsy

At 12:05 one morning last week, bluster, bog-trotting Mike Quill, boss of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Transport Workers Union, walked up to union pickets outside Philadelphia's 30th Street Station. "Got to get some exercise, boys," he said in his carefully nurtured County Kerry brogue, and took a picket sign and began to march. Thus last week did Mike Quill's T.W.U., along with the System Federation union, shut down the Pennsylvania Railroad for the first time in its history. To newsmen Quill growled: "It took 114 years to close down this line, and it may take another 114 years to open it up again."

Although Quill's union and System Federation have only 20,000 Pennsylvania maintenance employees, the strike threw out of work another 52,000 Pennsylvania trainmen, engineers, conductors and office employees. Canceled out by the strike on the nation's biggest freight and passenger carrier were 722 daily passenger trains, and 870 freight trains, which run through 113 states.

First Casualty: the Commuter. Hit first by the strike were the 35,000 commuters who ride the Pennsylvania into New York City and Philadelphia. Thousands piled into private cars and buses to make their way to work through bumper-to-bumper traffic. Bus lines hustled to add extra runs. The rush produced some record traffic jams, especially in Manhattan. The strike also closed down Manhattan's Pennsylvania Station. This forced the Long Island Rail Road, which uses the station, to start runs from stations in Queens.

The basic dispute is the unions' demand to have exclusive rights to maintain and repair most of Pennsylvania's equipment, drastically limiting Pennsy's practice of farming out equipment for repair, and to take over the pipe work now done by the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way members. Pennsylvania's President Allen J. Greenough refused to allow this, contends that this is a union jurisdictional dispute that does not concern the management. The unions also want a clause that would rigidly define each job and assure union members that they would not be called upon to work outside the scope of the job description.

The dispute has dragged on for 38 months. Twice the issues were submitted to impartial arbitrators, including a fact-finding committee appointed by President Eisenhower. Each time the railroad accepted the recommendations, but black-thorn-toting Mike Quill spurned them.



T.W.U. BOSS QUILL
A local nuisance went national.

Last week, before the union broke off negotiations 20 minutes before the strike deadline, the railroad had made concessions which it estimated would amount to about \$1,000,000 a year. Cried the Pennsy's Chairman James M. Symes: "There is absolutely no reason for this strike. Good progress had been made by the negotiating teams. Obviously Quill has been playing fast and loose with the public welfare for his own purposes."

Fiery-tempered Mike Quill has never seemed much concerned about the public welfare. Boss of the small (130,000 members), belligerent T.W.U. since 1936, Quill seems to get a special delight out of threatening strikes. Even the labor-loving

New York Post scored Quill's "the public be damned" attitude. Said the New York Herald Tribune: "It is now evident that Quill, regarded by New Yorkers as purely a local nuisance, is a national nuisance."

Strike Insurance. So far, the effects of the strike on industry have been slight. For the Pennsylvania, the strike was costly. The road has already lost \$1,814,640 this year, estimates it will lose \$2,500,000 a day in passenger and freight revenue because of the shutdown. But one factor softens the blow. It will receive payments estimated by Quill at \$600,000 a day from a strike fund set up last year by most of the nation's biggest railroads.

At week's end the National Mediation Board's Chairman Francis O'Neill was still trying to bring the railroad and union together to resume talks. Cries Quill: "We are sitting on our original proposals. This is going to be a long strike."

AUTOS

Detroit at Work

Out on General Motors' testing grounds at Detroit one day last week, Chevrolet rolled its 1961 models for a press preview of the most complete line of compacts of any U.S. automaker. The new Corvair line includes all but a convertible, extends even into compact buses, until now turned out only by European automakers. The new models:

- ☐ The Greenbrier Sports Wagon, which closely resembles the Volkswagen Micro-Bus, with the driver's seat set over the front axle in a boxlike body over a 95-in. wheelbase. The Greenbrier, turned out in gay colors and suitable as a small bus, mobile office or camping car, carries up to nine passengers. There is a panel version of the Greenbrier for use as a delivery van.
- ☐ Two pickup trucks that are built on the same short wheelbase as the Greenbrier

TIME CLOCK

THREE-MAN SPACE SHIP contract will be awarded by National Aeronautics & Space Administration by year's end. NASA is eager to proceed with \$1,000,000 feasibility study for an advanced manned space vehicle to be built between 1962 and 1965, used on actual probes between 1965 and 1970.

IMPORTS TO U.S. fell in July, were estimated at \$1,119,000,000, or 10% below July of last year. U.S. exports continued uptrend, were 22% ahead of July '59.

BEST-RUN COMPANIES in the U.S. were picked by panel of 171 company presidents for *Dun's Review*. First five in order: E. I. du Pont, General Electric, General Motors, International Business Machines, and the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co.

PILOTS' REBELLION is brewing against Air Line Pilots Association President Clancy Sayen. A group of

Eastern Air Line pilots have persuaded James Landis, Manhattan lawyer and onetime Civil Aeronautics Board chairman, to run against Sayen for the A.L.P.A. presidency in the November elections.

JAPANESE APPLIANCES will be sold in U.S. by Matsushita company, with its own dealer organization under its own name. Matsushita, top Japanese appliance maker, will introduce four transistor radio models, sell photoflash bulbs and a photoflash gun, may later also market refrigerators, washing machines and other housewares.

VOLKSWAGEN SALES grow despite success of U.S. compacts. World's fourth-largest auto producer, reports worldwide sales up 30% in 1959 to record \$835 million. Volkswagen now accounts for 40.5% of all West German auto production. Volkswagen sales in the U.S.: 120,000 autos in 1959 v. 78,000 in 1958. Sales this year are up from 1959.

THE URGE TO MERGE

Why More Industries Say: "I Do"

NOT since the 1920s has U.S. business been so caught up with the urge to merge. Among U.S. firms, mergers jumped from \$46 a year in 1955 to 1,050 last year. At that increasing rate, 1960 promises to set a new postwar record for corporate marriages. Hardly a week goes by without a flurry of announcements. Mergers—and rumors of mergers—are rampant among companies in the food, airline, railroad, paper, chemical, electronics and machinery industries. What caused the big jump?

Today's mergers are different from those in two previous waves: at the turn of the century, and in the '20s. In the first, the trusts swallowed up every company they could to build monopolies and stifle competition. In the second, small companies got together to meet the competition of the giants.

One big reason for the new wave is the tax laws. The man with a family-owned company today often goes out actively to seek merger with a bigger company. He thus not only gives himself a chance for capital gains in his lifetime but averts a possible sacrifice sale in case of his death. Profit-making companies also look on the tax losses on the books of a money loser as a big inducement to merge, since the loss can be used at the Internal Revenue Service desk to offset the taxes on their own profits.

Mergers are also prompted by the fear of being caught with a single product in an age of rapid technological change and widespread diversification. "There is a realization now as never before that new products are a vital source of new profits," says Partner Wilson Randle of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, management consultants. "You can get a new product through research and development—or you can go out and buy it. Research and development might take three or four years. A merger can do it overnight." There are also personal reasons for mergers. Example: Chicago's Consolidated Foods recently bought out a family firm whose owner sold it so that he could finally have his brother-in-law fired.

In earlier days, a corporation was expected to stick to what it knew best. But stringent antitrust laws now discourage fast-growing companies from mergers with companies too close to their own fields. Result: many companies are forced to move into an entirely different line in an effort to increase their profit margins. Once they have made such a move, they find it even easier to continue diversifying. Providence's Textron, caught in

the ailing textile industry, has set a record since 1955 of 29 mergers into such fields as electronics, automotive parts, aluminum products and optical equipment. Textiles, once Textron's sole source of income, now account for only 16% of company sales—and company profits have tripled.

In the merger-happy food industry, Consolidated Foods has made 20 mergers since 1951, has increased its return on its capital investment from 7.5% to 10%.

Some 60% of all mergers are, like Consolidated's, still within the same basic industry. But there is a growing trend toward going outside, buying new products, or new management or scientific brains, by taking over small companies. Instead of starting from scratch to set up a new computer division, for example, Remington Rand bought up two electronics firms, one of which brought along the already proven Univac I.

Most economists agree that mergers offer no sure solution to the troubles or shortcomings of a company. Nor do they guarantee growth and a big rise in earnings. But they can often help a bright and growing firm to grow even faster. In comparing 50 acquisitive firms with 50 nonacquisitive firms, Booz, Allen found that merger-minded firms increased sales 70% v. 40% for the nonacquisitive firms. But their earnings did not keep pace with their increased assets, as did the earnings of nonmerging firms.

Like marriages, of course, mergers do not always work. Elgin Watch merged with American Microphone Co. in 1955, divorced the company three years later because of economic incompatibility. Says Ralph Nelson, a member of the research staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research: "Some companies are getting their fingers into so many pies that I'm pessimistic they can make the conglomeration work."

Nonetheless, mergers are generally beneficial in an expanding economy. They are most numerous when business is good, help protect companies against a recession. They also contribute to expansion by encouraging the release of money tied up in a matured industry, such as textiles, into a young growth industry, such as electronics. Rather than stifling competition, they often intensify it. By its mergers, Remington Rand forced IBM to work harder to develop its own computers until IBM now heads the field. Mergers can thus be a tonic to corporations so long as they are not used as a substitute for healthy internal growth.

and have a closed cab with open cargo space behind. One of the models has a side ramp for easy loading.

■ A four-door, six-passenger station wagon on a 108-in. wheelbase.

The Corvair sedan is virtually unchanged in appearance. Major mechanical improvement: an air heater that takes its heat from the engine replaces the gasoline heater, which sometimes costs Corvair drivers as much as eight miles per gallon in winter.

Smaller Big Cars. The standard-size Chevrolet is also getting the neat, compact look. Gone are the flamboyant fins; the rear is trim and flat. The car is also getting smaller, is 2.4 in. narrower and 1.5 in. shorter.

Oldsmobile, which last week introduced its F-85 (TIME, Aug. 8), first of the General Motors luxury compacts, has also cut the size of its standard cars by as much as 5½ in. in length and 3½ in. in width.

Chevy Chief Edward N. Cole is not only optimistic about Chevy's sales but about those for the whole industry. Chevy is heading toward its best year in history, has sold more than 1,200,500 cars, up 15% over 1959, with the Corvair accounting for almost all of the increase. Looking ahead, Ed Cole predicts sales of 7,000,000 for the auto industry in 1961, including some 450,000 foreign-car sales, or about 200,000 more than expected this year.

Clouding Cole's rosy prediction is a record number for this time of year of 850,000 new cars in dealers' hands, enough to last for about 56 days at the current rate of sales and 125,000 more cars than were on hand last year. To move them, automakers are offering bonuses to dealers as high as \$50 for each sale, but many automakers candidly admit that much of the steam was stolen from the cleanup drive by similar bonus sales held last spring.

The Production Push. So far this year, the U.S. auto industry has sold 3,990,470 cars, a 7% increase over 1959, but sales have dipped for the past two months below the 1959 rate. Despite the slump, automakers cranked up production on 1961 models earlier than usual, allowed a much shorter shutdown period for dealers to clean up 1960 models. Last week the industry's output was 36% higher than the week before and nearly triple the production of the same period last year. Either sales will have to pick up or production will have to be cut down.

Studebaker's New Boss

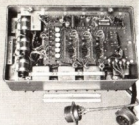
To improve its profits, Studebaker-Packard Corp. has long talked of diversifying out of car making. But in the last four years under President Harold Churchill, it has taken on only three smallish companies. The pace was so slow that much of the company's huge accumulated tax losses of \$121 million, which can be carried over for only five years to offset profits, seemed likely to expire before they could be used up. Last week, as it brought out its 1961 models, the corporation also picked a new top man to speed up its diversification program. In as chairman and chief executive officer

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for missile control!



While many missile-launching components use direct current, efficient guidance and control require AC power. To improve upon mechanical power conversion, engineers of B-W's Pesco Products Division and the Roy C. Ingersoll Research Center teamed up to create and produce a static inverter—specified for the Minuteman (above), Mace and Centaur—that converts DC to closely controlled AC through electronic circuitry!

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went 71-year-old Clarence Francis, one-time president (1934-43) and chairman (1943-54) of giant General Foods Corp., and since 1954 a special consultant to President Eisenhower.

Lean, bespectacled Clarence Francis is an expert at diversifying: he vastly expanded General Foods' product line, was one of the first movers of the revolution in the U.S. kitchen. He is also at home in Government circles and in the world of Wall Street finance, where Studebaker's mergers may have to be worked out. Choosing a man whose experience is so remote from auto manufacturing marks a victory for S-P executives who have urged acquisitions in non-auto fields. Harold Churchill will henceforth take a back seat while Francis scurries around, looking for mergers.

To combat sagging auto sales, Studebaker-Packard has given a new look to its 1961 line. The 1961 Lark will have a lower hood line, and the horsepower of its standard six-cylinder engine will be hiked from 90 to 112 (lack of power in the sixes was a major owner complaint). The company has also added the Lark Cruiser to the line. Designed to compete with the new luxury compacts, it has a 180-h.p. V-8 engine, is 4 in. longer than the standard Lark, has a plush interior and dual headlights.

TEXTILES

The Japanese Mill

The old Massapoag mill on the outskirts of the little North Carolina courthouse town of Lincolnton (pop. 5,423) looks like many another small Southern textile mill from its brick exterior, but aside from tobacco-juice stains splashed liberally about on its floor inside, the plant of the Long Shoals Cotton Mills, Inc. (projected 1960 sales: \$2,500,000) is different from any other in the nation. Its solid rows of pastel blue machines bear the stamp "O-M Spinning Machine, Osaka, Japan." Massapoag is the first mill in the U.S. to be completely fitted with Japanese-made spinning equipment. Standing beside his Japanese machines, Textile Veteran David Hunter ("Buck") Mauney, mill superintendent and principal owner with his brother Bill, says: "It's beautiful stuff. We're getting better quality yarn, and we're saving labor."

In the heart of the Carolinas' textile area, where Japanese imports are scorned and clerks have been known to apologize to customers for low-priced but well-made Japanese blouses, Buck Mauney's move was bold. He made it in August last year after his U.S.-equipped yarn mill had burned down. Japanese had seen the Japanese spinning equipment at a textile show and tested a Japanese spinning frame for three months, then bought 9,000 spindles for \$500,000. The best price for nearly comparable U.S. equipment was \$540,000. Furthermore, the Japanese equipment eliminates a full step in the spinning process and includes extra devices worth \$250,000 more. By cutting out one step in the spinning process, Mauney needed

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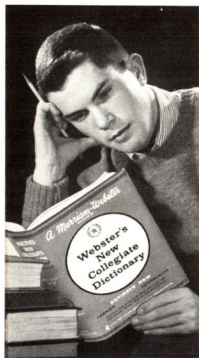
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six less employees. But greater efficiency permits the Mauneys to raise the minimum wage for their 85 employees from \$1.15 to \$1.25 per hour.

Long Shoals, which makes yarn for weavers, has suffered no loss of customers because of its move. Explains Buck: "Most people forget we sell a lot of stuff to Japan. A man told me I was wrong to do it. I asked him why. He said, 'We fought a war with those people.' I said we fought two wars with Germany, and I lost a brother in the last one, and you bought a boiler from them. He said, 'That's different.' So I told him, I'm looking ahead, not backwards. The American way is, if you can't make it in what you're in, get in something else. We figure we can learn from anybody, including the Japanese."

WALL STREET

How to Lose a Buck

Nothing sends a stock up faster than the news that a company has a glamorous new electronic device—especially if the news is exaggerated. Example: two little-known, money-losing companies, TelAutograph and Comptometer Corp., last week set off a speculative binge that resulted in some of the wildest trading the New York Stock Exchange has seen since 1929. In eight trading days TelAutograph zipped from 9½ to a high of 24½, and Comptometer soared from 15½ to 30.

The money-making, money-losing frenzy was started by a statement from TelAutograph's President Raymond E. Lee that his company had been told by American Telephone & Telegraph Co.: "For the first time message-rate telewriter service will be permitted over telephone lines on a local and long-range basis." "This means," stated Lee, "it is now possible to send a handwritten message instantaneously by telephone."

Ray Lee also expansively predicted that the use of telescribing equipment would increase a hundredfold. In one day TelAutograph soared 5½ points. Lee had—carefully or carelessly—created the impression that TelAutograph had an exclusive deal with A.T.&T.

At the opening of the market on the next trading day, the flood of orders to buy was so great and sellers so few that longtime Specialist John Coleman of Adler, Coleman & Co. (TIME, July 11), the man responsible for keeping the market orderly in TelAutograph, did not open the stock all day. Coleman and Stock Exchange officials thought the demand was based on questionable information, wanted more time to get all the facts. Next day Coleman finally opened the stock one minute before the close at 24, up 5½ over the previous close.

The stock of Comptometer, which had also been rising, soared after Vice President Peter G. Mero announced that the company is the only one that produces a telewriting device that has been tested and found suitable for use over the telephone. The specialists could not open trading in it the next day because of a preponderance of buy orders. When it opened the day after, it jumped 6 points to 30.

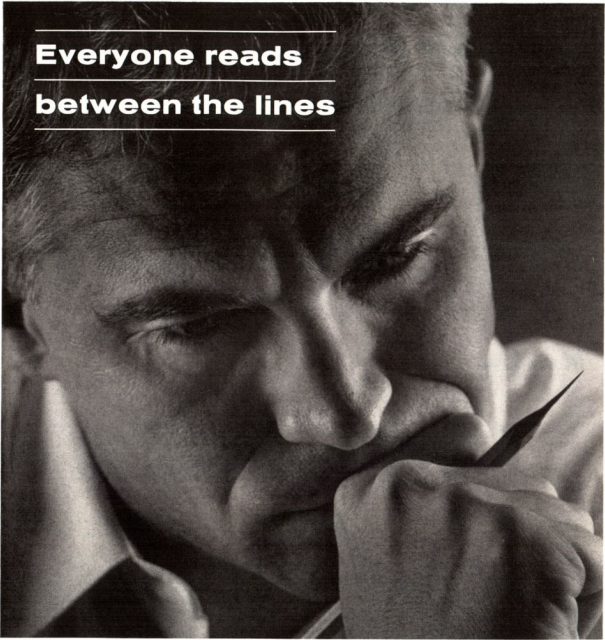
The Securities and Exchange Commission began investigating; the Stock Exchange demanded a complete explanation from both companies. TelAutograph President Lee, 50, who owns 42,000 shares of stock, gave an explanation that was a lot different from his earlier statement. He said his statement was not meant to convey the idea that TelAutograph was the only company with equipment suitable for A.T.&T., added that the company had merely set a date to talk with A.T.&T. about testing telewriting equipment. Furthermore, for this year TelAutograph will show a small loss.

This brought a rush to sell. Comptom-



TelAutograph's Lee
Bigger yarn.

Ben Martin



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eter was also prodded by the SEC to give a fuller explanation. It said its revenues from its Electrowriter now are not enough to cover the cost of servicing and sales and are "unlikely to make any contribution to the corporation's profits in the near future." It closed off 7 for the day, and TelAutograph fell 5½.

At week's end, Comptometer was down to 21, TelAutograph to 16½, well below the heady peaks. While many a heedless speculator had lost heavily, an officer and two directors of TelAutograph Corp., as well as stockholders close to the company, did all right. They had sold almost 17,000 shares of stock in the past two weeks. At least seven Comptometer insiders were also reported to have sold upwards of 20,000 shares during the run-up.

GOVERNMENT

Water, Water

The nation's most ambitious project for converting salt water into fresh water was dedicated last week at Freeport, Texas. From the Gulf of Mexico more than 1,000,000 gallons of sea water will be pumped daily to a \$1,246,000 plant being built by the Chicago Bridge & Iron Co. Plant's purpose: to produce potable water by a distillation process for \$1 or less per 1,000 gallons, the lowest cost anywhere in the world.

The Freeport plant is part of a \$10 million U.S. Government project to prepare for the world's fast-growing demands for more fresh water. Today the U.S. uses 312 billion gallons a day, will need 600 billion gallons a day in 1980. In other parts of the world the thirst for sweet water is immeasurably greater.

Where will the world find the water? The answer lies in finding economical ways for converting salt and brackish water into fresh water. To find the best methods the U.S. is building five demonstration plants across the nation, each using a different system of making fresh water. The first plant at Freeport will be followed by a plant designed by the Fluor Corp. at Point Loma in San Diego. It will produce 1,000,000 gallons a day, using atomic energy as the heat source for distillation. Its goal: water at a cost of 42¢ per 1,000 gallons.

Most U.S. cities now pay about 25¢ to 35¢ per 1,000 gallons for their water, and the Government's aim is to find a method that will convert brackish or salt water at the same price. Other plants in the program are scheduled to be built at Webster, S. Dak., Roswell, N. Mex. and on the East Coast.

In each of the five plants the Government hopes to develop the most efficient method to meet the needs of a particular area. Since the Government's project started eight years ago, the cost of converting sea water has dropped steeply from around \$5.00 per 1,000 gallons to about \$1.75. Says Dr. A. L. Miller, director of the office of saline water: "For the future, conversion of salt water may be more important to the arid areas of the world than getting a man to the moon."



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BOOKS

Fat & Lean

HE AND SHE [243 pp.]-Edward Le Comte-McDowell-Obolensky (\$3.95).

Marriage being the subtle and precarious entente that it is, and politics being outranked only by religious and racial differences as a catalyst of conflict, it would seem that a novel about the marriage of a bone-bred conservative and a dogmatic liberal must at least provide a rattling good battle-report. For a time it looks as if this is what First Novelist Le Comte has produced. "He" is John Butterworth, a rather stuffy young Yale man who considers himself to be the best Latin teacher in the country. "She" is his wife Herta, a beautiful Viennese Jewish girl who fled Europe during World War II.

Their differences are almost too neatly balanced: he reads Edmund Burke, she William Morris; his creed is Responsibility and Self-Reliance, hers is that Socialism and Weakness make Right. Confronted, for instance, with that troglodytic species, the Manhattan bus driver, he remarks that bus drivers in New York are churlish savages, which is true, and she replies that they are working men whose low pay is small compensation for a hellish job—also true.

As the book commences, he and she are fanning a white flame of rage. They alternately argue bitterly and refuse to recognize each other's existence. The issue is the execution of a union leader named Krasnitz, who shot a plant owner when the man tried to cross a picket line. The facts make any judgment questionable, but to John, of course, Krasnitz is simply a murderer, and to Herta he is a martyr of the class war. As stubborn husband



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EDWARD LE COMTE
Good notes, not a novel.

and angry wife sit before the television set waiting for Krasnitz to walk his last mile, the author examines his characters in two long microscopic flashbacks that take up the remainder of the novel.

These life histories are soundly written and the people they describe are interesting enough. But the book's structure is dissatisfying: the flashbacks bring John and Herta back to the present time and then simply drop them there on the last page—still sitting in grim, unhappy silence. The author promises a Shavian clash of right and left, Adam and Rib, and several times seems on the point of producing one. But he settles too easily for tepid psychologizing, of which there is a surfeit these days, rather than social satire, which is in short supply. What could have been a clever novel is, as it turns out, merely clever notes for one.

Love in Commuterland

A PEAK IN DARIEN [252 pp.]-Roswell G. Ham Jr.—Putnam (\$3.50).

Forty is the age of saints and suicides, according to Critic Cyril Connolly. Neither the idea nor the particular fates would ever have occurred to Maynard Wallace ("Wink") Marshall, an urbane NBS nightly newscaster whose voice-chained life demonstrates "how well a reasonably brainy man can do if he just doesn't use his brains." However, Wink does have an age problem, and it is all tied up with sex and suburbia.

At 42, Wink is a recent widower and an inveterate girl watcher. The girl is Virginia Jackson, a wittily lovely item who appears on a neighboring Darien, Conn. porch each morning in a shimmering blue robe to serve breakfast to her father, a bar-car contemporary of Wink's. She is just 22, and whether the twain can mate is the fulcrum of this wry comedy of commuterland. In establishing squatter's rights on the Peter De Vries-John Cheever territory, Author Roswell G. Ham Jr. (*Fish Flying Through Air*) is a trifle unsure of himself, but he has some of the same deft flair for eyepopping vermouth into the suburban martini.

Free Fall. Before he has properly begun to hope, Wink begins to grope—with Virginia's wrist watch—at the local beach club. The assembled giddy-biddies pick the pair's backbones in whispers. But love, naturally, has wax in its ears. Novelist Ham knows the language lovers speak, a potage of mush and banalities, and he is not above using it. He justifies the "I love yous" by capturing the feeling of the roller-coaster slide into passion, that breath-catching dive in which a man and a woman cannot help themselves and do not want to. Indeed, Wink and Gin are so romantically in love that they do not sleep together, a refreshingly archaic innovation for the modern novel.

Unfortunately, this gives Wink time for some rueful reflections. After all, he re-



Walter Doran

ROSWELL G. HAM JR.
A peek, not a peak.

members the New England hurricane of 1938, before Gin was two. He remembers Benny Goodman, and he cannot forget Freud and girls who marry father surrogates. Then there is Gin's mother. As a penthouse-mistress of the theater and TV set with a not-so-secret yen for Wink, she resents a marriage that will blight the promise of adultery. What with mother and some complicated skulduggery back at the NBS network, it sometimes seems that the rice will never fly, but it does.

Status Eking. Author Ham laces the willful charm of his love story with a carbonated commentary on suburbanitis, with its worship of errant gadgets ("Patent applied for" but never to be granted, I trust), anxious affluence ("We had enough trouble living 10% over our income"), status eking ("If the price was down around \$17,000—in Darien that meant one room and an outhouse on a twenty-by-twenty lot under the New Haven Railroad tracks") and nostalgic cupiscence ("There hasn't been an organized wife-swapping party in Darien or New Canaan for five years. All we do is grow gardens, take the kids sailing, and drink"). Author Ham has pluck, as his Keats-cribbed title shows, but perhaps he should have changed it to "A Peak."

Love at Parade Rest

ARE YOU HUNGRY ARE YOU COLD [245 pp.]-Ludwig Bemelmans—World (\$3.95).

The heroine of Humorist Ludwig Bemelmans' new novel is as pretty as a picture, and she poses an interesting proposition. "Evildoing when done adroitly is very exciting," she purrs. What follows should be naughty and very funny. It is nightmarish instead—like too much Liederkrantz. In one of his rare excursions outside the Hotel Splendide, Funnyman Bemelmans



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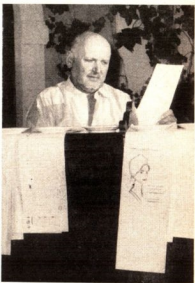


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draws a demon-driven adolescent who swears like a legionnaire, squeezes the head of an infant like a tennis ball, tips hatchets instead of hips at suitors, does her best to entice a priest, and sets fire to a convent.

The young lady is sore, it seems, because she is a French army brat and parental love is at parade rest. Papa is a cavalry colonel, more interested in charges than children, while Mama is a Spanish noblewoman too haughty for tender talk. What daughter knows about affection comes from spying on peasant maids and their trooper lovers on a slumbering military post before World War II. And what she learns of life comes from Daddy's batman, a sporting type named Killer, whose off-duty kicks come from impaling jack-lighted wildlife on the iron spikes attached to the grille of his Jeep.

In the inevitable rebellion and battle against her father, the daughter wins all



LUDWIG BEMELMANS

The girl throws hatchets instead of hips.

the rounds. She lets two baby wild boars run wild through a military ball and gets the requisite licking. This imposition of authority she neatly overcomes by imagining her tormentor sitting on the toilet. More whippings, and she snaps her father's riding crop in two, tries to brain him with a flower pot. The battle continues in Germany after the war. Her father is now a general in command of a force of French occupation troops, so she naturally sews his medals to the seat of his pants. Living in a near-demented world of make-believe, she grows to adulthood near crazy with rage at her wasted, loveless youth.

Here and there a few bright flashes of Bemelmans' wit save *Are You Hungry Are You Cold* from being just another of the many cloudy apologies for the rebel cult of Depression-born, war-torn youths who cannot come to terms with a world they think their parents botched. But so

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Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate, The Darlowe Stru-
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Stanley Black with His Latin Rhythms, Vereda Tropical,
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Foster, My Old Kentucky Home, Campion Races, I
Dream Of Jeanie, Old Fols, Air Home, Pig De Bono,
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Home On The Range, Grandfather's Clock, Turkey In
The Straw, Yellow Rose Of Texas, others. PS 182

HOLLYWOOD CHA CHA CHA
Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. The Moulin Rouge Theme,
It's Magic, Tommy, Theme From Peking, Third Man
Theme, Around The World, Love Is A Many Splendored
Thing, At Time Goes By, High Noon, Fascination, others.
PS 152

determined and savage is the heroine that the reader cannot really root for her. He is left only with a slightly subversive feeling of compassion for the baffled and spluttering villain of the piece, Papa the martinet.

Bankbooks & Backgrounds

THE HOUSE OF FIVE TALENTS (369 pp.)
—Louis Auchincloss—Houghton Mifflin
(\$4.50).

Josiah Hoyt was a pompous, puffed-up railroad executive who managed to lose all his own money, much of his wife's considerable fortune, and sulked for two years before he finally died at the dinner table. He sat there cooling for quite a while before his wife noticed the difference.

The rest of the characters wheeled out in Author Auchincloss's filigreed tale of a family fortune are only slightly more alive



Martha Holmes

Elaborately ornamented, but dull.

than Josiah. A lawyer by profession, Auchincloss probes with exasperating precision through the backgrounds and bankbooks of the five-generation descendants of one Julius Millinder, a tough-minded merchant who just happened to put together a \$100 million fortune after the Civil War. Nothing the author finds suggests that the Millinder clan is worth the trouble. After Julius, the stock began to go to seed. One granddaughter marries a French prince—but not for love. A grandson is cuckolded, a nephew turns embezzler, a granddaughter settles down with an English earl whose major talent is a firm grasp for ladies' behinds.

Seen through the eyes of Gussie Millinder, a humorless but perceptive old maid, the family's degeneration is pathetic. Mean little descriptions of poor Newport hostesses whose husbands had to make do with fortunes of only \$1,000,000 give the neat, well-mannered prose an occasional touch of irony. But young debutantes who sugar

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Q. Can you be more specific about these abilities?

A. One, I found, is making what you have to say clear and interesting, whether you're talking to a total stranger, a group, or someone you meet all the time. Also, every day I see how much more gets done when people get along together. I know from experience that you don't have to step out of character to develop and practice this ability.

Q. Do you think these qualities have real value to men who want to get ahead?

A. I know they do. The self-confidence they build lets you

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their very small talk with references to Louis XI (not XIII or XIV), and butlers who tell dinner guests when their hosts want them to switch conversational partners, all lend a persistent air of unreality, almost as if the author were intent on parody.

Having kneaded the same sort of upper crust in four books before this one, Author Auchincloss seems unaware that his people are increasingly dull anachronisms. His careful, courtly prose almost manages to confer dignity, but in the end his novel is like the great Newport mansions it recalls—elaborately ornamented in its façade, too dry and dusty inside for a modern generation to bother about.

The Shepherd

CYRUS THE GREAT (309 pp.)—Harold Lamb—Doubleday—(\$4.50).

The wily moneylender was puzzled by his casual conversation with the two strange horsemen who had ridden into Babylon that day in 539 B.C. One of the men was dressed as a servant, the other as master; yet the servant spoke like a lord, and the questions he asked were odd for an ordinary visitor. He seemed intrigued by the River Euphrates, and when he rode on, he said to the moneylender: "I am much indebted to you today, for you have shown me the way that I can open into your city." A few months later, the waters of the Euphrates began to lower as if by a miracle. When they were only knee-high, the army of the erstwhile "servant" appeared, marching down the river bed to take Babylon without a fight. Instead of attacking the thick city walls, the invaders had cleverly diverted the river into an abandoned reservoir.

Thus, according to Author Harold Lamb in his ninth excursion into what he calls "biographical narrative," did Cyrus the Great of Persia find a way to conquer Babylon while disguised as a servant. No one can be sure how much of the story is true, for as Lamb himself says, "all the verified historical data about Cyrus could be published in no more than six pages." Lack of evidence has never bothered Lamb before; by combining the sparse clues available with a high sense of drama and a thorough knowledge of the ancient world, he has become master of the plausible what-might-have-been.

The Small King. The great King would have been a fascinating subject for any historian. Xenophon himself, though he had no direct knowledge of the man, fashioned an *Education of Cyrus* (*Cyropaedia*), which many students of the art rank as the world's first historical novel. Cyrus' name meant "shepherd," and his father was Cambyse, "the small King of the Persians," who ruled the Three Tribes living around the settlement called Parsa-gard, about 250 miles west of the Persian Gulf. Under Cambyse, the Persians were a peaceable lot. They kept few slaves, dutifully paid tribute to Astyages the Spear Thrower, King of the Medes, and lived by five things: "The seed grain, the tools that plant it, the water that gives

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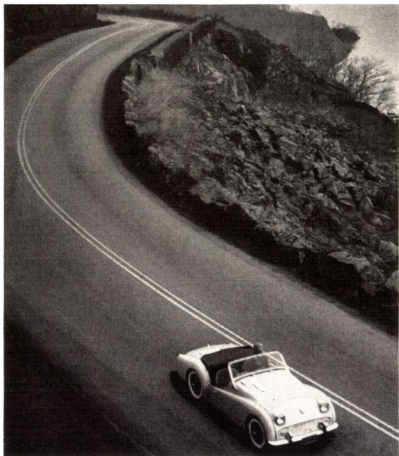




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growth, the tame animals that cultivate it, and the human labor that garners its harvest."

Not so under Cyrus. As soon as he succeeded to his father's throne, the fledgling King whose "close-cropped hair was tawny as a lion's" threw off the yoke of the luxury-loving Medes, but tolerantly let Astyages live out his life in a pleasant alcoholic haze. When fabulously rich Croesus of Lydia rashly decided to march against the upstart, he did so on the ambiguous advice of an oracle: "If you cross the river Halys, you will destroy a great empire." The empire Croesus destroyed was his own, but he too found himself quite content to serve his new master.

The People's King. Of all Cyrus' conquests, none was more deserving of its



Belmann Archive
CYRUS THE GREAT
To Babylon, as a servant.

fate than Babylon, where the sick and the crippled were at the mercy of a ruthless Sanitation Guard, and men were skinned alive for stealing a sheep. When Cyrus came, the people rejoiced, for he was already known as the Shepherd and "the people's King." He ruled the greatest empire the world had ever seen through saps and informers ("the King's eyes and ears"), but his laws were just, and only once—when he ordered the slaying of two delinquent young guards with their own spears—was he guilty of an impulsive act of cruelty.

To Lamb, Cyrus was something new in the ancient world—a ruler who ruled for his people. The secret of his success can be found in one of the few documents that now exist—a personal record he kept on a clay cylinder. "My soldiers," said Cyrus, "went about peacefully, widespread through the extent of Babylon. In all Sumer and Akkad I let no man be afraid. I devoted myself to the internal conditions of Babylon and of all the other cities. I freed the dwellers from the yoke that was ill placed upon them."



PHIL SILVERS, CBS-TV STAR

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Under Ten Flags. The German Navy's Van Heflin v. British Admiral Charles Laughton in a better than fair sea-fight thriller, based on one of the more curious naval footnotes to World War II.

The End of Innocence. Director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, a Swedish-descended Argentine, shows his debt to Sweden's Ingmar Bergman in a shadowed study of purity, sin—and degeneracy.

Ocean's 11. Frank Sinatra's off-screen clankers (Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis Jr.) as their usual tough-talking, gamboling selves ham up a Las Vegas robbery with enough foolishness to make it look like fun.

Jungle Cat. Another of Walt Disney's magnificently photographed, though sometimes badly edited and narrated, True-Life Adventures, this time about jaguars in the Amazon jungles.

It Started in Naples. A Neapolitan holiday that is pleasurable enough, with Clark Gable, Sophia Loren and Vittorio De Sica, becomes occasionally hilarious, thanks to a scene-thefting nine-year-old called Marietto.

Sons and Lovers. D. H. Lawrence's searing novel is brilliantly translated to film by Director Jack Cardiff and a fine cast headed by Wendy Hiller and Trevor Howard—whose performances are, respectively, good and great.

Elmer Gantry. Burt Lancaster turns in one of the best performances of his career as Sinclair Lewis' Bible-banging, skirt-chasing evangelist.

Bells Are Ringing. Judy Holliday singing some Comden-Green lyrics is all that this comedy about an answering-service Nightingale offers, but Judy is enough.

TELEVISION

Wed., Sept. 7

The 1960 Summer Olympics from Rome (CBS, 7:30-8:30 and 11:15-11:45 p.m.).*

Thurs., Sept. 8

Olympic Games (CBS, 8-8:30 and 11:15-11:45 p.m.).

Silents Please (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).

The Keystone Cops come a-slapsticking out of *The Fun Factory* of Mack Sennett, as this episode traces the development of the producer genius who, on the side, discovered Charlie Chaplin.

Fri., Sept. 9

Olympic Games (CBS, 9-9:30 and 11:15-11:45 p.m.).

Sat., Sept. 10

Olympic Games (CBS, 1-2:15, 7-7:30 and 9-9:30 p.m.).

National Singles Tennis Championships (NBC, from end of the baseball game to 6:30 p.m.). From the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, N.Y. Color.

The Tall Man (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). First episode in a new series about New Mexico Sheriff Pat Garrett (Barry Sullivan) and his difficulties in getting along with Billy the Kid (Clu Gulager).

World Wide 60 (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). *The Immense Design* traces the

*All times E.D.T. except as noted.



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history of scientific theories on the creation of the universe. Color. Repeat.

The 40th Annual Miss America Pageant (CBS, 10-12 midnight). M.C. Bert Parks ogles the talent. CBS News Correspondent Douglas Edwards adds the tone of destiny. Sun., Sept. 11

American Football League (ABC, 1:30 p.m. Pacific Daylight Time). The Houston Oilers v. the Oakland Raiders, at Oakland, Calif. (the game will be seen only in the western half of the U.S.).

American Football League (ABC, 2 p.m.). The Buffalo Bills v. the New York Titans, at New York City (to be seen only in the eastern half of the U.S.).

Olympic Games (CBS, 5-6:30 p.m.). Mon., Sept. 12

Project 20 (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Bob Hope narrates a synopsis of the five years from World War II to 1950. Repeat.

Presidential Countdown (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The first of nine weekly prime-time programs on the political campaign. Tues., Sept. 13

Thriller (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). First of a new mystery and suspense series narrated by onetime Monster Boris Karloff.

THEATER

On Broadway

When the 1960-61 season opens next week, the new shows will have to go some to match these favorites, which have come through the summer without getting half baked: **Toys in the Attic**, the latest play by Lillian Hellman, deftly explores the character of a weak ne'er-do-well (Jason Robards, Jr.); Paddy Chayefsky's **The Tenth Man**, set in a Mineola, L.I. synagogue, brilliantly and with high humor admixes ancient rite with modern psychology; **The Miracle Worker** owes its excellence to the superb performances of Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke, as they re-create the early childhood of blind deaf-mute Helen Keller; **The Best Man** sketches characters who are a mile wide and an inch deep, but nonetheless offers swift, glib and enjoyable theatrical journalism about campaigning politicians in action. Three musicals stand out: the good-as-ever revival of **West Side Story**, with many of the original cast; the light, reminiscent story of New York's greatest mayor, **Fiorello!**; and a winsome Broadway analysis of Elvis Presley called **Bye Bye Birdie**.

Off Broadway

Air-conditioning has helped the better offerings in the little theaters to survive as well. Among them: **The Balcony**, French Playwright Jean Genet's dramatic thesis that the world is a brothel and vice versa; **The Connection**, an awesomely naturalistic study of junkies in their pad; **Krapp's Last Tape**, a single-actor tour de force about youth and age, on a double bill with **The Zoo Story**, wherein Playwright Edward Albee creates a critical mass by clanging together a beat with a square; **A Country Scandal**, an early play of Anton Chekhov, produced professionally in the U.S. for the first time, providing ample and comic proof that minor Chekhov is equal to the major efforts of most others; and **Little Mary Sunshine**, off-Broadway's phenomenal, sellout musical that spoofs the candy-coated operettas of the '20s.



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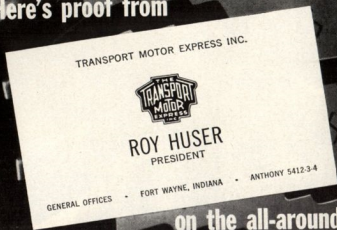
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BOOKS

Best Reading

The Human Season, by Edward Lewis Wallant. The grief of a 59-year-old plumber over the sudden death of his wife is the unlikely subject of this remarkably skillful first novel. With telling economy, Author Wallant suggests the climate of a marriage, the texture of sorrow without sentimentality and the twisting agony of an agnostic Job who cannot tame his rage with resignation.

The Sot-Weed Factor, by John Barth. This comedy of picaresque errors and escapades, set in colonial Maryland, is as deadly serious as it is wildly funny. Its sobering thesis: since man cannot penetrate the multiple masks of reality, he can never really know himself.

Taken at the Flood, by John Gunther. The father of soap operas, schoolgirl complexions and singing commercials is given his zestful due in this lively, anecdote-laden biography of the late Albert Lasker, the most formidable ad anthropos in Madison Avenue history.

Decision at Trafalgar, by Dudley Pope. Memorably above the call of routine historical duty, this is a definitive chronicle of the greatest battle of the age of sail and its ageless hero, Lord Nelson.

The Last Temptation of Christ, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The late great Greek writer saw God as the search for God. *Temptation* is his soaring, shocking final vision of that search.

The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz, by Ilya Ehrenburg. In 1927 the slithiest tove in the Soviet literary propaganda corps aimed this sizzling satirical poker at the Russian Revolution. Ehrenburg recently denounced its publication in the West, something the non-hero of this kosher *Candide* would have relished.

The Ballad of Peckham Rye, by Muriel Spark. Peckham Rye is a London suburb where the people are too average to sin grandly and too average not to sin. The result is often hilarious.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (3)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (2)
4. *The Chapman Report*, Wallace (4)
5. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (5)
6. *Before You Go*, Weidman (9)
7. *The View from the Fortieth Floor*, White (7)
8. *Water of Life*, Robinson (6)
9. *Diamond Head*, Gilman (10)
10. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee

NONFICTION

1. *Born Free*, Adamson (1)
2. *How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market*, Darvas (2)
3. *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Goldwater (3)
4. *Enjoy! Enjoy!*, Golden (8)
5. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (6)
6. *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces*, Frankfurter with Phillips (4)
7. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (5)
8. *I Kid You Not*, Paar (9)
9. *The Good Years*, Lord (7)
10. *The Liberal Hour*, Galbraith

* Position on last week's list.

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